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*Home's Douglas*

Edited With Introduction and Notes

BY

HUBERT J. TUNNEY, A. B., A. M.

*Instructor in English*

*University of Notre Dame*

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## PREFATORY NOTE

The editor of these studies has, from the beginning of the series, made more or less revision of each paper accepted for publication by the Committee. Such revision has usually been limited to matters of arrangement and of style, and its object has been to adjust the papers more completely to the purpose of the series.

The present study lies within a field of special professional interest to the editor—eighteenth century English drama. More than the customary editorial labor has been given to the preparation of this issue for the press. The editor has entirely rewritten two sections of the Introduction, has compared the text closely with that of the Mackenzie edition, has eliminated some notes and added others, and so forth. It does not appear that Mr. Tunney had access to the important Gipson dissertation. This work considers fully and with apparent accuracy much that the student of *Douglas* may logically wish to know, and should be in the hands of all interested in John Home. Mr. Tunney's work, however, seems to have been thorough and scholarly. It is regretted that some of his material must be omitted in publication.

The editor has had some acquaintance with *Douglas* for probably twenty years or more. Editions are numerous, though some are not easily accessible; but so far as is known at the University of Kansas, no annotated edition has heretofore appeared. It is hoped this edition may be of service to many interested in the history of English drama.

The courteous loan of several editions of *Douglas*, including the edition from which the present text was taken, by the University of Chicago Libraries, is here acknowledged with pleasure.

SELDEN L. WHITCOMB.

The University of Kansas,  
November, 1924.

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*Act II.*

# DOUGLAS.

*Sc. 1.*



*Dodd del*

*Goldar sculp.*

*McLEWIS in the Character of DOUGLAS.*

*My name is Norval.*

*Published June 21, 1777, by J. Lowndes & Partners*

*(Courtesy of the University of Chicago Libraries)*

# A Critical Edition of Home's *Douglas*

## INTRODUCTION

### 1. *Life of John Home*

JOHN HOME was born at Leith, Scotland, September 22, 1722. He was the son of Alexander Home, town clerk of Leith, and Mrs. Christian Hay, daughter of John Hay, an Edinburgh writer. He was educated at the grammar school at Leith and the University of Edinburgh, and in both of these institutions he prosecuted his studies with remarkable diligence and success. While he attended the University, his talents, his progress in literature, and his agreeable manners soon excited the attention both of the professors and of his fellow students. He was educated for the ministry of the Church of Scotland, and after passing through the necessary requirements, he was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Edinburgh, April 4, 1745.

The progress of his professional studies was interrupted by the breaking out of the rebellion of 1745. This event furnished an occasion for him to exhibit that military ardor and chivalrous spirit which his natural temperament had produced and fostered. He took the side of Whiggism, and became a volunteer in a loyal corps, which was formed at Edinburgh with the original purpose of defending that city from the attack of rebels. In this corps, he served at the unfortunate battle of Falkirk, and after defeat was taken prisoner, along with some of his fellow-volunteers, and committed to the Castle of Doune. The prisoners, however, contrived to escape by cutting their bedclothes into strips and letting themselves down from the window of the room in which they were confined. Home eluded the vigilance of the Jacobite party, and stayed for a time with some of his relatives at Leith. He applied himself to the studies which his intended clerical profession required, but always combined with that kind of reading to which his inclinations led—the history and classics of Greece and Rome.

Home's classical reading had a strong influence upon his early literary endeavors. He had written an essay on the characters of Cornelius and Sempronius Gracchus, of Cleomenes, and Agis, and one on the republican form of government, of which he was a great admirer. From the perusal of Plutarch, he had early conceived the idea of writing a tragedy on the death of Agis as related by that biographer, and he had completed the first copy of it soon after he had settled as minister of Athelstaneford. After revising the play several times, he considered that it was fit for the stage, went to London in 1749, and offered it to Garrick for presentation at Drury Lane. Garrick, however, did not think it adapted to the stage and declined to accept it, much to the mortification of its author.

After this unsuccessful expedition to London, Home turned his mind to the composition of *Douglas*, of which he had sketched the plan some time before. The plot of the play was suggested by the old popular ballad of *Gil Morrice*. With the tragedy in his pocket, Home, in February, 1755, set off for London on horseback with high hopes. He presented his second tragedy to Garrick, but Garrick failed to see the merits which later made *Douglas* so popular, and returned it to the author with the declaration that it was totally unfit for the stage. Home was not at all satisfied with this decision. Neither were his friends; and in consequence, they had the play produced, in December, 1756, at an Edinburgh theater, then under the management of West Digges, an actor of great power and popularity in Scotland. In March, 1757, Home had the satisfaction of seeing his tragedy performed with great success at Covent Garden. A brief account of the early stage history of *Douglas* is given later in this paper.

In the year 1760, Home published, in one volume, *Agis*, *Douglas*, and a new tragedy entitled *The Siege of Aquileia*. In 1769, his tragedy *The Fatal Discovery* was produced at Drury Lane. The next year he was married to the daughter of his relative, another Home, the minister of Foggo. Notwithstanding her delicate constitution, the wife outlived her husband several years. In 1773, Home's tragedy *Alonzo* was performed at Drury Lane. This play, with the exception of

*Douglas*, was Home's most popular tragedy, and had considerable stage success. His last dramatic work, *Alfred*, performed at Drury Lane in 1778, was an absolute failure.

In 1778, Home had another opportunity to indulge his passion for the military life, and accepted a commission in the regiment of the Midlothian Fencibles. He performed the duties of this position with all the ardor of a young soldier until they were interrupted by an accident which had a material influence in his future life—a fall from his horse, which occasioned a loss of consciousness for several days. Though he recovered from the accident so far as physical health was concerned, his mind was never fully restored to its former vigor. The mishap did not, however, lessen his military ardor, and after a short stay at home, he rejoined the regiment. He found himself not strong enough to sustain the duties of his station, and with much reluctance resigned his commission.

Home had very early projected a history of the Rebellion of 1745. During his intervals of leisure, after he had ceased writing for the stage, he resumed work on this history. He collected material for it by correspondence and interviews with those informed on the subject, and by journeys to the Scottish Highlands. The work was published in London in 1802, and was dedicated to the King as a mark of gratitude for the gracious attention the monarch had formerly shown to Home.

In the year 1779, Home fixed his residence at Edinburgh, where, with the exception of some visits to London, he resided until his death, September 5, 1808, in his eighty-sixth year. For some time before his death, he was gradually sinking into a state of bodily and mental weakness. He was buried in the South Leith churchyard, and opposite his grave a plain stone tablet bearing the following inscription has been attached to the outer wall of the church:

In Memory

of

John Home

Author of the Tragedy of "Douglas"

Born on the 22nd of September, 1722

Died on the 8th of September, 1808

## 2. *The Plays of Home, excluding "Douglas"*

Home's first play was *Agis*, a tragedy based on the death of Agis as related in Plutarch. This play, after rejection by Garrick, was subsequently produced at Drury Lane by that actor in 1758, after the great stage success of *Douglas*. It is the second of Home's plays in order of presentation, though the first in order of composition. Garrick himself played the part of Lysander. In spite of good acting and skillful scenic effect, the play failed to run as many nights as the manager, Home himself, had confidently expected.

*Agis* is concerned with the history and fortunes of Sparta. It was difficult to interest an audience in the revolution of a country so far removed and so little known. The piece is poor as a drama, and Home did not increase its value by his stage management. Although the plot is founded on Plutarch's life of Agis, most of the incidents are fictitious. The story itself is not well adapted to stage presentation. The subject—of political and sentimental character—is not very dramatic; but there are some effective scenes in the play. Garrick wrote in a letter to Home, November 5, 1757, "The more I read of *Agis*, the more I like it"; and he speaks of the pathos in the play. Some of the scenes are rather heavy, especially the scene between Agis and Lysander, and that between Rhesus and Euanthe, in Act II. The first two acts contain a good deal that is mere declamation and do not much advance the main action. The verse, however, is in general smooth and flowing, although the rhymed chorus is little better than doggerel. The sentiments of the play are well expressed, and much of the author's characteristic admiration for martial glory is in evidence. By dint of good acting, *Agis* was performed eleven times. The small success it did attain was largely owing to the fact that Garrick and Mrs. Cibber played the leading parts.

Home's volume published in 1760 contained *Douglas*, *Agis*, and *The Siege of Aquileia*. The volume was dedicated to the Prince of Wales, who, having succeeded to the crown in that same year, showed an immediate favor to Home by granting him a pension of three hundred pounds from his private purse. In the same year, *The Siege of Aquileia* was performed at

Drury Lane. Garrick expected the most unbounded success, and he himself impersonated the principal character. It was upon the suggestion of Garrick that this play appeared under the title it now bears. Home had originally written a tragedy founded on the cruel treatment which the two Setons, sons of the Governor of Berwick, had experienced from the English, and had named the piece *The Siege of Berwick*. Garrick, conceiving that the national allusions might tend to aggravate the bad feeling which then existed between the Scotch and the English, persuaded the author to alter the title, and, in consequence, the names of the characters, and several of the local references.

The plot of *The Siege of Aquileia* turns upon the choice which a father must make between patriotic duty and filial love. The events are striking and the action is vigorous. Interest and suspense are sustained to the close of the play, and the nobler passions are pictured with force and delicacy. So far as interest is concerned, this drama shows much improvement over *Agis*.

In 1769, the tragedy of *The Fatal Discovery* was produced at Drury Lane. The original title was *Rivine*, from the name of the heroine of the story, taken from one of the Ossianic poems. Garrick, fearing the prejudices then prevalent in London against the Scotchmen and Scotch subjects, changed the title to *The Fatal Discovery*. In order more completely to disguise the origin of the piece, he procured a young Oxford student to pose as its author; but the success of the play caused Home to declare himself the real author. The result of this declaration was a poor attendance at the succeeding representations, and the piece ran only a few nights longer, the total number of performances being only ten.

*The Fatal Discovery* is highly romantic in theme and in setting. The scene is laid in northern Scotland, and the names of the persons in the original poem are retained. In poetry and in pathos, *The Fatal Discovery* perhaps ranks just below *Douglas*. David Hume, in a letter of March 28, 1769, to Dr. Hugh Blair, says that the play, though not equal to *Douglas*, has feeling, but the versification is not sufficiently finished. Garrick writes in a letter to Home, June 6,

1768: "I have read *Rivine* again and again and every time with greater pleasure. . . . It is a most interesting, original, noble performance; and when it is exhibited, will do the author great, very great credit. . . . The construction of your fable is excellent. You leave the audience at the end of every act with a certain glow, and in most eager expectation of knowing what is to follow."<sup>1</sup>

Home's fifth tragedy, *Alonzo*, was also brought out by Garrick, in 1773. This play was almost a transcript of the situation, incidents, and plot of *Douglas*, in an exaggerated form. Many passages in *Alonzo* closely resemble passages in *Douglas*. Thus, the young Alberto, the unacknowledged son of Ormisinda, begins the story of his life:

"Alberto is my name; I drew my breath  
From Catalonia; in the mountains there  
My father dwells."

Compare this with the well known "My name is Norval," etc. (*Douglas*, II, 42). The king's reply resembles that of Lord Randolph. Compare

"Thou art a prodigy; and fill'st my mind  
With thoughts profound and expectations high",  
with *Douglas* II, 74 ff. Compare also the words of the king,  
"To me no thanks are due; a greater king,  
The King of Kings I deem, hath chosen thee  
To be the champion of His law divine",  
with the speech of Lord Randolph in *Douglas* II, 37 ff.

*Alonzo*, with the exception of *Douglas*, was the most popular of Home's tragedies. It met with great success in presentation. Mrs. Barry's Ormisinda was one of the parts in which that celebrated actress exerted her powers in displaying violent feeling with striking effect; and the success of the play was no doubt in great part owing to her ability.

In 1778, Home's last dramatic attempt, *Alfred*, was produced by Garrick. This play shows Home's sentimentality in its least respectable light. It is a very poor dramatic presentation of Alfred the Great, in which the hero is characterized as a flabby, sentimental lover who risks his kingdom and his

<sup>1</sup> With reference to a possible parody of this particular play in Sheridan's *The Critic*, see Nettleton's *Major Dramas of Sheridan*, pp. ciii-civ.

life for his passion. The play is perhaps the weakest of all Home's dramatic compositions. Its lack of plot interest and of poetic value in the dialogue is sufficient to account for its unfavorable reception. The play was withdrawn from the stage after the third performance.

There is a similarity in all of Home's plays that no one can fail to perceive. They are all written in blank verse throughout, except for the rhymed chorus in *Agis*. A certain likeness in situations and scenes can be traced in all the plays. Sentimentality, in varying degrees, abounds in all of them. In *Douglas*, there is a conflict between stepfather and stepson; in *Alonzo*, a combat between father and son. In *Agis*, the villain, Amphares, disarms Lysander by threatening to stab his loved Euanthe if he continues to resist. Home repeats this incident with scarcely any variation in *The Fatal Discovery*. Ormisinda in *Alonzo*, Rivine in *The Fatal Discovery*, and Lady Randolph in *Douglas* commit suicide.

### 3. The Relation of "Douglas" to the Romantic Movement

The significance of *Douglas* to the student of literary history lies largely in the degree and manner in which the play represents the "Rise of the Romantic Movement," or what may be called the "new spirit" of the eighteenth century. The romantic element is clearly shown in the plays of Otway, in some of the most famous tragedies of Dryden, and in the heroic tragedy in general. From the close of the Restoration Period, however, to the dramatic work of Holcroft, Byron, Shelley, Scott, and their contemporaries, English drama, weak enough from any point of view, and especially weak in tragedy, shows a predominant influence of the old, pseudo-classic spirit. As representative of tendencies maturing in the early part of the nineteenth century, in the culmination of the Romantic Movement, *Douglas* belongs to a rather small group of tragedies, including several plays of great historical interest, though none is a masterpiece. Among these plays are, *George Barnwell* (1731), Brooke's *Gustavus Vasa* (1739), *The*



*Gamester* (1753), *The Mysterious Mother* (1768), and *The Castle Spectre* (1797).

Like most compositions of the middle of the eighteenth century which represent distinctly the romantic development (such as *The Seasons*, *Night Thoughts*, Gray's *Elegy*, for example), *Douglas* gives evidence of the influence of the old spirit. This evidence will be briefly indicated in the following paragraphs, partly in more or less formal contrast with the romantic values of the play.

Voltaire, as rationalist, skeptic, and satirist, represents chiefly the dominant, the older, spirit of the age. In *The Orphan of China*, he introduces that orientalism represented in English tragedy by *Aurengzebe*, and, with more completely romantic character, by Joanna Baillie's *The Bride*. Orientalism may be considered one important phase of the fully developed Romantic Movement in western Europe. *Mérope*, however, is a pseudo-classic play and any influence it may have had upon *Douglas* is an influence of the older spirit of the century.<sup>1</sup> The chief literary source of *Douglas* is of entirely different character. *Gil Morrice* is a ballad; it is "northern," provincial, local; neither classical nor pseudo-classical; decidedly allied with romantic taste. In a manner, Home's use of this piece in his tragedy points toward the richer use of local Scotch legendary story in such compositions as Walter Scott's *Ayrshire Tragedy*.

*Douglas* represents that return to the middle ages which some critics consider as almost the quintessence of the Romantic Movement. The pseudo-classicist might occasionally introduce a medieval subject, without satire, as Pope did in his ode on St. Cecelia's day, and in his *Eloisa to Abelard*. In these poems, and in other similar works of Pope's period, the reader finds, in the main, little genuine knowledge of the middle ages, little vital interest in them. In the English drama of the mature Romantic Movement, some real appreciation of medievalism is found in numerous works, including *Alfred the Great* by Knowles, and *The Family Legend* by Joanna Baillie. In general tone, *Douglas* can hardly be considered truly con-

1. For a discussion of the influence of *Mérope* upon *Douglas*, see Gipson, pp. 59-62.

sistent with its nominal setting in the twelfth century. The diction of the play and the nature of its philosophic generalizations are, for the most part, of Home's own period. Quite a study might be made, however, of the phases of medievalism represented. There is a slight introduction of that neo-Catholicism which was one characteristic of the maturity of the Romantic Movement. We find definite recognition of medieval weapons and architecture, feudalism, chivalry, asceticism, Danish invasion, the warrior priest, and the crusades.<sup>1</sup>

The romantic love of nature, and some evidence of personal acquaintance with nature, are found in the play, though not to any remarkable extent. *Douglas*, in this respect, bears no comparison with Thomson's *Seasons*, but its treatment of nature is richer than that in *Cato*, and more sincere than that in the much later *Lady of Lyons*. Nature is most frequently introduced in brief allusion, especially in figures of speech, some of which are scarcely to be credited to romantic taste. Compare these examples: "like a fox chain'd up"; "as the lion wooes his bride"; "His eyes were like the eagles";

"As fearless as the eagle lights upon it" (V-297);

"As the sea smooths the prints made in the sand" (I-40);

"As meeting tides and currents smooth our frith" (I-72).

Among phrases of fairly distinct romantic quality, probably one might include, "the cliffs of Carron"; "the stormy north"; "some nameless stream's untrodden banks"; "wings of down"; and "red came the river down."

There are few extended nature passages in the play. Compare: II, 189-195; III, 80-97; V, 1-12; and V, 79-83. The references to the Grampian Hills, to the Carron, the Tiviot, the Firth of Forth, and the "sea-rock" of Bass are romantic in the special quality of local color. According to Scott, Bass is directly suggestive of the author's personal experience.<sup>2</sup>

Of the characters, little need be said. They are all romantic, in a sense, by virtue of being Scotch, medieval, and of belonging to the country instead of the city. In the typical

1. For eighteenth century dramatic poems with medieval setting and subject, though after the Greek model in form, see Mason's *Elfrida* and *Caractacus*.

2. See the note on p. 88 below.

tragedy of the old spirit, the characters are largely of the city, and chiefly foreign, from the playwright's point of view. So it is in *The Conquest of Granada*, *Venice Preserved*, *Cato*, and *Irene*.

The individual characters of the play are all, with the exception, perhaps, of Glenalvon, capable of deep feeling, of real sympathy. They are all sensitive, some are super-sensitive, to the blows of adverse fortune. Lady Randolph and the hermit are poorly balanced natures; they might be considered examples of what today we call "pathological" types. They are not able to absorb the experience of one great personal tragedy into a general and wholesome "stream of consciousness"; or, to express the matter in different terms, they cannot socialize their individual selves. Nearly all the prominent characters, including notably Old Norval, represent the sentimental taste of the developing Romantic Movement. The satire of the old spirit of the century appears chiefly in Glenalvon.

Romantic fiction tends to idealize and to emphasize youth; and, at times, to draw sharp contrasts between youth and age. Most of the characters in *Douglas* are middle-aged, and in this respect represent the older spirit of the period. Douglas, however, is of the same active, fearless, ambitious youthfulness as Romeo, Claude Melnotte, Gareth. He is presented in a notably romantic passage in contrast with the old hermit, who, though briefly sketched, is perhaps the most completely romanticized figure in the story.

The plot of *Douglas*, also, has old elements and new elements. The play as a whole approaches somewhat closely to the general type of domestic tragedy. The Danish invasion, the references to Anglo-Scottish warfare and to the crusades introduce the world of epic poetry—epic poetry of medieval and northern Europe, distinctly romantic in general character. The development of the action is somewhat slow in part, but in the last act, at least, is rapid enough for romantic effect. The close of the play, while narrative instead of strictly dramatic, is not prolonged; is almost abrupt. Realism, if true to its ideals, recognizes the uninterrupted course of social history. The catastrophe of *Douglas* gives us the impression

that the significant life of all the characters has come to its end.

In the diction of the play, pseudo-classic tendency appears in the following forms: vocabulary of Latin origin; prosaic, at times conventional or cheap adjective-noun phrases, and occasional use of balanced, sometimes antithetical, syntactical structure.

In Act I are found some seventy-five or more words from Latin sources. These include, to note a group of one type, consumes, commiserate, confess, composed, contend, compelled, complacent, conflict, unconscious, concealment, condemned, contemplations, and consolation. A lesser group, of words ending in *tion*, includes consolation, contemplation, lamentation, admiration, expiation, expectation, destruction, dissimulation, and affliction.

Among phrases stamped more or less distinctly with the old prosaic spirit (a group exemplified in Waller's "powerful noise" and "watery sea"), may be noted: melancholy gloom, departed ghosts, silent dead, deepest anguish, piteous tears, dreadful tidings, distracting grief, swelling flood, visionary seer, chief desire. Some phrases of small poetic value are used more than once; for example, youthful warrior, and strong desire. The lowest stylistic level is perhaps reached in such phrases as pleasant home, various evils, and various affections. To modern taste, one of the most surprising words is the "blabb'd" of line 317, Act I.

Balanced structure (in the second citation, antithesis also) may be exemplified by

"How many mothers shall bewail their sons!

How many widows weep their husbands slain!"

(III, 302-303.)

"Now, if I live, with mighty chiefs I stand:

And, if I fall, with noble dust I lie."

(IV, 133-134.)

On the other hand, there are many words or phrases which represent the sentiment or the creative imagination of the Romantic Movement. Some, perhaps, have a faint suggestion of Burns, or Byron, or even of Shelley. Only a few examples need be noted here: soul's sadness; luckless love; dark and

dismal; piteous tears; alone, forsaken, faint; solitary life; solitary sorrow; life-consuming sorrow; world of woe; since death first preyed on man; dead to love; flower of modesty; swift-passing hours of love and fondness; sweetly simple; the human heart; die to scent and beauty;

"When we two parted, ne'er to meet again!"

The mere fact that *Douglas* is written in blank verse is not of great significance as a sign of developing romanticism in English tragedy. The play would be more indicative of the new spirit if it offered some little metrical variety, especially in stanzaic form. There seems to be only one line (in the text of the present editor) which cannot be scanned as an iambic pentameter (line 282, Act V). In the shaping of the blank verse, pseudo-classical influence is shown in the frequent, perhaps predominant brevity of the rhythmical passages. There are rather numerous sharply defined single lines. There are many of the couplet effects common in the English blank verse written under the shadow of the heroic couplet. As the versification throughout the play seems fairly uniform, a glance at Act I may suffice here.

For single lines rhythmically and sometimes syntactically isolated, note lines 14, 28, 31, 37, 48, 75, 76, 79, 88, 107, 130, 137, 138, 144, 177, 181, 182, 205, 210, 214, 226, 231, 257, 269, 270, 282, 284, 289, 319, 320.

About one half of the verse of Act I is written in what may be fairly considered as couplet structure. There are a few passages in which eight or even more consecutive lines have this structure. Note, for example, lines 14-27, which form a sequence of seven metrically independent units of two lines each.

Room is left, however, for many effects more akin to romantic taste than those just noted. There are passages of five or six lines—rarely if ever longer—showing a fair degree of rhythmical fluidity throughout. One such passage is found in lines 8-13, Act I; others, in lines 283-288, Act III; lines 291-297, Act III; and lines 274-280, Act V.

The rhythm of the single line in *Douglas* varies from the stiff regularity favored in the heroic couplet, as in

"Is all the use I wish to make of time,"

to effects which are prophetic of the fluency of the blank

verse masters of the early nineteenth century, as in this line from Old Norval's final speech:

"Sweetest and best, gentlest and bravest spirit."

Occasional lines are understressed. Numerous lines begin with an accented syllable. In Act I, about nine per cent of the lines have a weak ending, and in Act V nearly seventeen per cent. Note the effect of three consecutive weak endings in lines 62-64, Act V.

#### 4. Stage History of "Douglas"

*Douglas* was composed and acted prior to that famous "divorce" between poetry and the stage which gave English literature so many "closet dramas" from the pens of Keats, Byron, Wordsworth, Scott, Cardinal Newman, and later, Tennyson. Walter Scott's opinion was that *Douglas* appeared to better advantage in the theater than in the library. Mrs. Inchbald wrote: "Although *Douglas* be one of those plays worthy of a reader's, as well as of a spectator's literary hours, yet, perhaps few classical plays have been more indebted for admirers to the art of acting." (*Remarks*, Inchbald edition of *Douglas*.) The list of notable actors and actresses who added by their art to the reputation of the play is a fairly long one. It includes Peg Woffington, Mrs. Siddons, Elliston, Charles Kemble, Edmund Kean, Macready, and John Howard Payne.

*Douglas* had a fairly successful stage history in the British Isles and in the United States for more than sixty years. There are records of its public performance in 1838, 1845, 1853, and as late as 1914 one act of the play was staged in London.<sup>1</sup> In the United States, it seems to have been performed in New York in 1759. Later, it was presented in Philadelphia, Annapolis, Newport, Williamsburg, Charleston, Baltimore, Harrisburg, Boston, Alexandria, Hartford, Savannah, and Albany.<sup>2</sup>

1. See Gipson, pp. 56-57.

2. Gipson, pp. 55-56.

In spite of its Anglo-American success, there seems to be almost no record of its translation, or of its stage presentation in non-English countries. The list of editions given below (p. 91) names one French translation. The article on Home in the *Dictionary of National Biography* refers briefly to Voltaire's acquaintance with the works of Home. The alert Frenchman, who kept his eyes upon most current literary affairs in Europe, alleged that his play *L'Ecossaise*, produced at the Théâtre Français in July, 1760, was a translation from Home, "already known by his two fine tragedies produced at Edinburgh." In this lack of substantial influence abroad, Home offers a decided contrast to his predecessor of about twenty-five years, George Lillo.<sup>1</sup>

*Douglas* was first performed in Edinburgh, after due advertisement in the local press, December 14, 1756, at the Canon-gate Theatre, by an English company. It met with immediate public success. ". . . . it is believed there never was so great a run on a play in this country. Persons of all ranks and professions crowded to it; and many had the mortification to find the house so full when they came to the door, that they could not get in."<sup>2</sup> The first London performance was at Covent Garden, March 14, 1757, Peg Woffington acting the part of Lady Randolph and Mr. Barry that of Norval.

In Scotland, a considerable literature of approval and of decided churchly disapproval followed the production of the play. The attacks were partly against Home, as minister of the Kirk, partly against dramatic art, and especially against actors as a body. This unfriendly criticism as a whole is like a provincial appendix to the volumes of Gosson, Prynne, and Jeremy Collier.<sup>3</sup>

The later stage history of the play must be considered very briefly. One of the greatest actresses who ever impersonated Lady Randolph, was Mrs. Siddons. She was born the year before *Douglas* was produced, and was a woman of twenty-eight when she first (?) played the part, at Drury Lane, December 22, 1783. She appeared in the same character at

1. See Thorndike, pp. 317-318.

2. *Scots' Magazine* for December, 1756; quoted in Gipson, p. 43.

3. There is extended treatment, based on original sources, of *The Church Controversies over Douglas*, and *The War of Pamphlets*, in Gipson.

Covent Garden as late as 1819, when she was considerably over sixty years of age. In 1811 (or 1812?), Macready, then a youth, acted Douglas to her Lady Randolph at Newcastle. In his *Reminiscences* (Chapter III), he gives quite an account of this performance and he states that "Norval was a favorite character with me." He is full of admiration for the acting of Mrs. Siddons: "The violence of her agitation while listening to Old Norval's narration of the perils of her infant seemed beyond her power longer to endure, and the words, faintly articulated, as if the last effort of a mortal agony, 'Was he alive?' sent an electric thrill through the audience. . . . The anguish of her soul seemed at length to have struck her brain. The silence of her fixed and vacant stare was terrible, broken at last by a loud and frantic laugh that made the hearers shudder. She then sprang up, and, with a few self-questioning words indicating her purpose of self-destruction, hurried in the wild madness of desperation from the scene."

John Howard Payne made his *début* as an actor in the part of Douglas, at the Park Theatre, New York City, February 24, 1809, when he was seventeen years old. He made a "distinct success." Dunlap writes as follows: "The applause bestowed on his Norval was very great—boy actors were then a novelty, and we have seen none since that equalled Master Payne."<sup>1</sup> He acted the part again, April 2, 1809, at the Federal Street Theatre, Boston; and on June 4, 1813, at Drury Lane. The play must have had some popularity in London at this period. The Dibdin edition gives us these unusually full casts:

*Drury Lane, 1814      Covent Garden, 1813*

Norval.....	Mr. Rae.....	Mr. Conway
Lord Randolph.....	Mr. Holland.....	Mr. Egerton
Glenalvon.....	Mr. Raymond.....	Mr. Barrymore
Stranger.....	Mr. Wroughton.....	Mr. Young
Donald.....	Mr. Cooke.....	Mr. Claremont
Officer.....	Mr. Fisher.....	
Servant.....	Mr. Maddocks.....	Mr. Atkins
Prisoner.....	Mr. Buxton.....	Mr. Duruset

1. Quoted in Quinn, p. 165.



Lady Randolph.....Miss Smith.....Mrs. Powell  
 Anna.....Miss Boyce.....Miss Cooke

Various editions include one or more illustrations of the text, usually of an actor or a group of actors at the psychological moment of their performance. Lady Randolph above the dead body of her son appears to be a favorite. The Dibdin edition gives us an interesting cut of the infant Douglas, floating on the flood, "nestled curious" in the basket-cradle.

The *Dramatic Works* edition of 1798 gives this description of the costumes:

Douglas.—Scarlet and green pla'd vest, kelt, tartan, cap and feathers.

Lord Randolph.—Rich dark plaid vest, kelt, and tartan, cap and feathers.

Glenalvon.—Green and red plaid vest, kelt, and tartan, cap, etc.

Norval.        |  
                   | Scotch rustic dress.

Stranger.     |

Lady Randolph.—Black velvet, richly ornamented, and plaid sarsnet scarf.

Anna.—Dark green satin dress, trimmed.

# The Text of *Douglas*

Based on the Mackenzie Edition  
of 1822

DOUGLAS ;

A

TRAGEDY.

---

*Non ego sum vates, sed prisci conscius aevi.*

---

PROLOGUE (a)  
*Spoken at London*

In ancient times, when Britain's trade was arms,  
And the loved music of her youth, alarms;  
A god-like race sustain'd fair England's fame:  
Who has not heard of gallant Percy's name?  
Ay, and of Douglas? Such illustrious foes  
In rival Rome and Carthage never rose!  
From age to age bright shone the British fire,  
And every hero was a hero's sire.  
When powerful fate decreed one warrior's doom,  
Up sprung the phoenix from his parent's tomb.  
But whilst these generous rivals fought and fell,  
These generous rivals loved each other well:  
Though many a bloody field was lost and won,  
Nothing in hate, in honour all was done.  
When Percy, wrong'd, defied his prince or peers,  
First came the Douglas with his Scottish spears;  
And, when proud Douglas made his king his foe,  
For Douglas, Percy bent his English bow.  
Expell'd their native homes by adverse fate,  
They knock'd alternate at each other's gate:  
Then blazed the castle, at the midnight hour,  
For him whose arms had shook its firmest tower.

This night a Douglas your protection claims;  
A wife! a mother! Pity's softest names:  
The story of her woes indulgent hear,  
And grant your suppliant all she begs, a tear.  
In confidence she begs; and hopes to find  
Each English breast, like noble Percy's, kind.

---

(a) Some editions omit one or both of the prologues. For the London prologue, a number of editions add: "Spoken by Mr. Sparks."

## P R O L O G U E

*Spoken at Edinburgh*

In days of classic fame, when Persia's Lord  
Opposed his millions to the Grecian sword,  
Flourish'd the state of Athens, small her store,  
Rugged her soil, and rocky was her shore,  
Like Caledonia's; yet she gain'd a name  
That stands unrival'd in the rolls of fame.

Such proud pre-eminence not valour gave,  
(For who than Sparta's dauntless sons more brave?)  
But learning, and the love of every art,  
That Virgin Pallas and the Muse impart.

Above the rest the Tragic Muse admired  
Each Attic breast with noblest passions fired.  
In peace their poets with their heroes shared  
Glory, the hero's and the bard's reward.  
The Tragic Muse each glorious record kept,  
And, o'er the kings she conquer'd, Athens wept.\*

Here let me cease, impatient for the scene;  
To you I need not praise the Tragic Queen:  
Oft has this audience soft compassion shown  
To woes of heroes, heroes not their own.  
This night our scenes no common tear demand.  
He comes, the hero of your native land!  
Douglas, a name through all the world renown'd,  
A name that rouses like the trumpet's sound!  
Oft have your fathers, prodigal of life,  
A Douglas follow'd through the bloody strife;  
Hosts have been known at that dread time to yield  
And, Douglas dead, his name hath won the field.  
Listen attentive to the various tale,  
Mark if the author's kindred feelings fail;  
Sway'd by alternate hopes, alternate fears,  
He waits the test of your congenial tears.  
If they shall flow, back to the Muse he flies,  
And bids your heroes in succession rise;  
Collects the wand'ring warriors as they roam,  
Douglas assures them of a welcome home.

---

\*See the Persai of Æschylus. [Note in original text.]

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LORD RANDOLPH.

GLENALVON.

OLD NORVAL.

DOUGLAS.

LADY RANDOLPH.

ANNA.

*Servants, &c.*

# DOUGLAS (a)

## ACT I.

SCENE,—*The Court of a Castle surrounded with Woods.*

*Enter Lady Randolph (b)*

*Lady Rand.* Ye woods and wilds, whose melancholy gloom 1  
 Accords with my soul's sadness, and draws forth  
 The voice of sorrow from my bursting heart,  
 Farewell a while: I will not leave you long;  
 For in your shades I deem some spirit dwells,  
 Who from the chiding stream, or groaning oak,  
 Still hears and answers to Matilda's moan.  
 O, Douglas, Douglas! if departed ghosts  
 Are e'er permitted to review this world,  
 Within the circle of that wood thou art, 10  
 And with the passion of immortals hear'st  
 My lamentation; hear'st thy wretched wife  
 Weep for her husband slain, her infant lost.  
 My brother's timeless death I seem to mourn,  
 Who perish'd with thee on this fatal day.  
 To thee I lift my voice; to thee address  
 The plaint which mortal ear has never heard.  
 O disregard me not; though I am call'd  
 Another's now, my heart is wholly thine.  
 Incapable of change, affection lies 20  
 Buried, my Douglas, in thy bloody grave.—

(a) The following text is based upon that of the Mackenzie edition of 1822. The footnotes give all the important variations from this text in nine other editions, indicated as follows:

1757. (London edition.)

1764.

1784.

1798. (*Dramatic Works.*)

1808.

1817.

1825.

Und. (Undated; *The London Stage.*)

Cumb. (Cumberland.—Not dated by Mr. Tunney; dated 1829 in Gipson. S. L. W.)

For a fuller list of editions, see Appendix.

(b) "Through the castle gates" added in Und.

But Randolph comes, whom fate has made my lord,  
To chide my anguish, and defraud the dead.

*Enter Lord Randolph*

*Lord Rand.* Again these weeds of woe! say, dost thou well  
To feed a passion which consumes thy life?  
The living claim some duty; vainly thou  
Bestow'st thy cares upon the silent dead.

*Lady Rand.* Silent, alas! is he for whom I mourn:  
Childless, without memorial of his name,  
He only now in my remembrance lives. 30  
This fatal day stirs my time-settled sorrow—  
Troubles afresh the fountain of my heart.

*Lord Rand.* When was it pure of sadness! These black weeds  
Express the wonted colour of thy mind,  
For ever dark and dismal. Seven long years  
Are pass'd, since we were join'd by sacred ties:  
Clouds all the while have hung upon thy brow,  
Nor broke, nor parted by one gleam of joy.  
Time, that wears out the trace of deepest anguish,  
As the sea smooths the prints made in the sand, 40  
Has pass'd o'er thee in vain.

*Lady Rand.* If time to come  
Should prove as ineffectual, yet, my lord,  
Thou can'st not blame me. When our Scottish youth  
Vied with each other for my luckless love,  
Oft I besought them, I implored them all  
Not to assail me with my father's aid,  
Nor blend their better destiny with mine:  
For melancholy had congeal'd my blood,  
And froze affection in my chilly breast.  
At last my sire, roused with the base attempt 50  
To force me from him, which thou rend'redest vain,  
To his own daughter bow'd his hoary head,  
Besought me to commiserate his age,  
And vow'd he should not, could not, die in peace,

31-38 omitted in 1757 and Cumb.

40 omitted in 1757.

41 (beginning "If time to come") to 66 (beginning "Would thou wert")  
omitted in 1757.

41 (beginning "If time to come") to 74 omitted in Cumb.



Unless he saw me wedded, and secured  
From violence and outrage. Then, my lord!  
In my extreme distress I call'd on thee,  
Thee I bespake, profess'd my strong desire  
To lead a single, solitary life,  
And begg'd thy nobleness, not to demand  
Her for a wife whose heart was dead to love.  
How thou persisted'st after this, thou know'st,  
And must confess that I am not unjust,  
Nor more to thee than to myself injurious.

60

*Lord Rand.* That I confess; yet ever must regret  
The grief I cannot cure. Would thou wert not  
Composed of grief and tenderness alone,  
But hadst a spark of other passions in thee,  
Pride, anger, vanity, the strong desire  
Of admiration, dear to woman kind;  
These might contend with, and allay thy grief,  
As meeting tides and currents smooth our frith.

70

*Lady Rand.* To such a cause the human mind oft owes  
Its transient calm, a calm I envy not.

*Lord Rand.* Sure thou art not the daughter of Sir  
Strong was his rage, eternal his resentment: [Malcolm:  
For when thy brother fell, he smiled to hear  
That Douglas' son in the same field was slain.

*Lady Rand.* Oh! rake not up the ashes of my fathers;  
Implacable resentment was their crime,  
And grievous has the expiation been.  
Contending with the Douglas, gallant lives  
Of either house were lost; my ancestors  
Compell'd, at last, to leave their ancient seat  
On Tiviot's pleasant banks; and now, of them  
No heir is left. Had they not been so stern,  
I had not been the last of all my race.

80

*Lord Rand.* Thy grief wrests to its purposes my words.  
I never asked of thee that ardent love,  
Which in the breasts of fancy's children burns.

90

---

68-74 omitted in 1757.

81. 1808 reads: "And grievous had my expectation been."

82-87 omitted in 1825 and Cumb.

Decent affection and complacent kindness  
 Were all I wish'd for; but I wish'd in vain.  
 Hence with the less regret my eyes behold  
 The storm of war that gathers o'er this land:  
 If I should perish by the Danish sword,  
 Matilda would not shed one tear the more.

*Lady Rand.* Thou dost not think so: woeful as I am,  
 I love thy merit, and esteem thy virtues.  
 But whither goest thou now?

*Lord Rand.* Straight to the camp,  
 Where every warrior on the tip-toe stands 100  
 Of expectation, and impatient asks  
 Each who arrives, if he is come to tell  
 The Danes are landed.

*Lady Rand.* O! may adverse winds,  
 Far from the coast of Scotland, drive their fleet!  
 And every soldier of both hosts return  
 In peace and safety to his pleasant home!

*Lord Rand.* Thou speak'st a woman's, hear a warrior's  
 Right from their native land, the stormy north, [wish:  
 May the wind blow, till every keel is fix'd  
 Immoveable in Caledonia's strand! 110  
 Then shall our foes repent their bold invasion,  
 And roving armies shun the fatal shore.

*Lady Rand.* War I detest: But war with foreign foes,  
 Whose manners, language, and whose looks are strange,  
 Is not so horrid, nor to me so hateful,  
 As that which with our neighbours oft we wage.  
 A river here, there an ideal line,  
 By fancy drawn, divides the sister kingdoms.  
 On each side dwells a people similar,  
 As twins are to each other; valiant both: 120  
 Both for their valour famous through the world.  
 Yet will they not unite their kindred arms,  
 And, if they must have war, wage distant war,  
 But with each other fight in cruel conflict.  
 Llant in strife, and noble in their ire,  
 The battle is their pastime. They go forth

Gay in the morning, as to summer sport;  
When ev'ning comes, the glory of the morn,  
The youthful warrior, is a clod of clay.  
Thus fall the prime of either hapless land; 130  
And such the fruit of Scotch and English wars.

*Lord Rand.* I'll hear no more: this melody would make  
A soldier drop his sword, and doff his arms,  
Sit down and weep the conquests he has made;  
Yea, (like a monk) sing rest and peace in heaven  
To souls of warriors in his battles slain.  
Lady, farewell: I leave thee not alone;  
Yonder comes one whose love makes duty light. [Exit.

*Enter Anna*

*Anna.* Forgive the rashness of your Anna's love:  
Urged by affection, I have thus presumed  
To interrupt your solitary thoughts; 140  
And warn you of the hours that you neglect,  
And lose in sadness.

*Lady Rand.* So to lose my hours  
Is all the use I wish to make of time.

*Anna.* To blame thee, lady, suits not with my state:  
But sure I am, since death first prey'd on man,  
Never did sister thus a brother mourn.  
What had your sorrows been if you had lost,  
In early youth, the husband of your heart?

*Lady Rand.* Oh!

*Anna.* Have I distress'd you with officious love,  
And ill-timed mention of your brother's fate?  
Forgive me, lady: humble though I am, 150  
The mind I bear partakes not of my fortune:  
So fervently I love you, that to dry  
These piteous tears, I'd throw my life away.

*Lady Rand.* What power directed thy unconscious tongue  
To speak as thou hast done? to name——

*Anna.* I know not:  
But since my words have made my mistress tremble,  
I will speak so no more; but silent mix  
My tears with her's.

*Lady Rand.* No, thou shalt not be silent.

I'll trust thy faithful love, and thou shalt be  
Henceforth the instructed partner of my woes. 160  
But what avails it? Can thy feeble pity  
Roll back the flood of never-ebbing time?  
Compel the earth and ocean to give up  
Their dead alive?

*Anna.* What means my noble mistress?

*Lady Rand.* Didst thou not ask what had my sorrows been,  
If I in early youth had lost a husband?—  
In the cold bosom of the earth is lodged,  
Mangled with wounds, the husband of my youth;  
And in some cavern of the ocean lies  
My child and his!

*Anna.* O! lady, most revered! 170  
The tale wrapt up in your amazing words  
Deign to unfold.

*Lady Rand.* Alas! an ancient feud,  
Hereditary evil, was the source  
Of my misfortunes. Ruling fate decreed,  
That my brave brother should in battle save  
The life of Douglas' son, our house's foe:  
The youthful warriors vow'd eternal friendship.  
To see the vaunted sister of his friend  
Impatient, Douglas to Balarmo came,  
Under a borrow'd name.—My heart he gain'd; 180  
Nor did I long refuse the hand he begg'd:  
My brother's presence authorized our marriage.  
Three weeks, three little weeks, with wings of down,  
Had o'er us flown, when my loved lord was call'd  
To fight his father's battles; and with him,  
In spite of all my tears, did Malcolm go.  
Scarce were they gone, when my stern sire was told  
That the false stranger was Lord Douglas' son.  
Frantic with rage, the baron drew his sword,  
And question'd me. Alone, forsaken, faint, 190  
Kneeling beneath his sword, fault'ring, I took  
An oath equivocal, that I ne'er would  
Wed one of Douglas' name.—Sincerity,

178. Instead of "the vaunted" Cumb. has "thy haunted".

Thou first of virtues, let no mortal leave  
 Thy onward path! although the earth should gape,  
 And from the gulph of hell destruction cry,  
 To take dissimulation's winding way.

*Anna.* Alas! how few of woman's fearful kind  
 Durst own a truth so hardy!

*Lady Rand.* The first truth  
 Is easiest to avow. This moral learn, 200  
 This precious moral, from my tragic tale.—  
 In a few days the dreadful tidings came,  
 That Douglas and my brother both were slain.  
 My lord! my life! my husband!—Mighty God!  
 What had I done to merit such affliction?

*Anna.* My dearest lady! many a tale of tears  
 I've listen'd to; but never did I hear  
 A tale so sad as this.

*Lady Rand.* In the first days  
 Of my distracting grief, I found myself—  
 As women wish to be who love their lords. 210  
 But who durst tell my father? The good priest  
 Who join'd our hands, my brother's ancient tutor,  
 With his loved Malcolm, in the battle fell:  
 They two alone were privy to the marriage.  
 On silence and concealment I resolved,  
 Till time should make my father's fortune mine.  
 That very night on which my son was born,  
 My nurse, the only confidante I had,  
 Set out with him to reach her sister's house:  
 But nurse, nor infant, have I ever seen, 220  
 Or heard of, Anna, since that fatal hour.  
 My murder'd child!—Had thy fond mother fear'd  
 The loss of thee, she had loud fame defied,  
 Despised her father's rage, her father's grief,  
 And wander'd with thee through the scorning world.

*Anna.* Not seen nor heard of! then perhaps he lives.

*Lady Rand.* No. It was dark December: wind and rain

204. Instead of "God", 1784, 1825, and Cumb. have "Heaven".

204-205 omitted in Und.

222-225 omitted in Cumb.

222-256 omitted in 1825.

Had beat all night. Across the Carron lay  
 The destined road; and in its swelling flood  
 My faithful servant perish'd with my child. 230  
 O hapless son! of a most hapless sire!—  
 But they are both at rest; and I alone  
 Dwell in this world of woe, condemn'd to walk,  
 Like a guilt-troubled ghost, my painful rounds:  
 Nor has despiteful fate permitted me  
 The comfort of a solitary sorrow.  
 Though dead to love, I was compell'd to wed  
 Randolph, who snatch'd me from a villain's arms;  
 And Randolph now possesses the domains,  
 That by Sir Malcolm's death on me devolved; 240  
 Domains, that should to Douglas' son have given  
 A baron's title, and a baron's power.  
 Such were my soothing thoughts, while I bewail'd  
 The slaughter'd father of a son unborn.  
 And when that son came, like a ray from heaven,  
 Which shines and disappears; alas! my child!  
 How long did thy fond mother grasp the hope  
 Of having thee, she knew not how, restored.  
 Year after year hath worn her hope away;  
 But left still undiminish'd her desire. 250  
*Anna.* The hand, that spins the uneven thread of life,  
 May smooth the length that's yet to come of your's.  
*Lady Rand.* Not in this world: I have consider'd well  
 Its various evils, and on whom they fall.  
 Alas! how oft does goodness wound itself,  
 And sweet affection prove the spring of woe!  
 O! had I died when my loved husband fell!  
 Had some good angel oped to me the book  
 Of Providence, and let me read my life,  
 My heart had broke, when I beheld the sum 260  
 Of ills, which one by one I have endured.  
*Anna.* That God, whose ministers good angels are,  
 Hath shut the book in mercy to mankind.

---

231-234 omitted in 1808.

231-256 omitted in Cumb.

231-263 omitted in Und.

262. Instead of "God", 1825 has "power".

But we must leave this theme: Glenalvon comes:  
I saw him bend on you his thoughtful eyes;  
And hitherward he slowly stalks his way.

*Lady Rand.* I will avoid him. An ungracious person  
Is doubly irksome in an hour like this.

*Anna.* Why speaks my lady thus of Randolph's heir?

*Lady Rand.* Because he's not the heir of Randolph's      270  
Subtle and shrewd, he offers to mankind      [virtues.  
An artificial image of himself:

And he with ease can vary to the taste  
Of different men its features. Self-denied,  
And master of his appetites he seems:  
But his fierce nature, like a fox chain'd up,  
Watches to seize unseen the wish'd-for prey.

Never were vice and virtue poised so ill,  
As in Glenalvon's unrelenting mind.      280  
Yet is he brave and politic in war,  
And stands aloft in these unruly times.

Why I describe him thus I'll tell hereafter:  
Stay and detain him till I reach the castle.

[*Exit Lady Randolph.*

*Anna.* O happiness! where art thou to be found?  
I see thou dwellest not with birth and beauty,  
Though graced with grandeur, and in wealth array'd:  
Nor dost thou, it would seem, with virtue dwell;  
Else had this gentle lady miss'd thee not.

*Enter Glenalvon*

*Glen.* What dost thou muse on, meditating maid?  
Like some entranced and visionary seer,      290  
On earth thou stand'st, thy thoughts ascend to heaven.

*Anna.* Would that I were, e'en as thou say'st, a seer,  
To have my doubts by heavenly vision clear'd!

*Glen.* What dost thou doubt of? what hast thou to do  
With subjects intricate? thy youth, thy beauty,  
Cannot be question'd: think of these good gifts;

264. The phrase, "Glenalvon comes", reads "Ah! Lady, see Glenalvon comes", in Und.

274 (beginning "Self-denied") to 279 omitted in 1825 and Cumb.

271-281 omitted in 1808.

280-281 omitted in Und.

And then thy contemplations will be pleasing.

*Anna.* Let women view yon monument of woe,  
Then boast of beauty: who so fair as she?

But I must follow: this revolving day 300

Awakes the memory of her ancient woes. [Exit Anna.]

*Glen. [Solus.]* So! Lady Randolph shuns me: by and by  
I'll woo her as the lion wooes his bride.

The deed's adoin' now, that makes me lord

Of these rich vallies, and a chief of power.

The season is most apt: my sounding steps

Will not be heard amidst the din of arms.

Randolph has lived too long: his better fate

Had the ascendant once, and kept me down:

When I had seized the dame, by chance he came, 310

Rescued, and had the lady for his labour.

I 'scaped unknown: a slender consolation!

Heaven is my witness that I do not love

To sow in peril, and let others reap

The jocund harvest. Yet I am not safe:

By love, or something like it, stung, inflamed,

Madly I blabb'd my passion to his wife,

And she has threaten'd to acquaint him of it.

The way of woman's will I do not know:

But well I know the baron's wrath is deadly. 320

I will not live in fear: the man I dread

Is as a Dane to me; ay, and the man

Who stands betwixt me and my chief desire.

No bar but he; she has no kinsman near;

No brother in his sister's quarrel bold:

And for the righteous cause, a stranger's cause,

I know no chief that will defy Glenalvon. [Exit.]

(a)

---

327. "Exit" omitted in 1764.

(a) "End of Act I" is found in 1757, 1764, 1798, and Cumb.



## ACT II. (a)

SCENE,—A Court, &c. as before.

*Enter Servants and a Stranger at one door, and  
Lady Randolph and Anna at another (b)*

*Lady Rand.* What means this clamour? Stranger, 1  
[speak secure;

Hast thou been wrong'd? have these rude men presumed  
To vex the weary traveller on his way?

*1 Serv.* By us no stranger ever suffer'd wrong:  
This man with outcry wild has call'd us forth;  
So sore afraid he cannot speak his fears.

*Enter Lord Randolph and a Young Man, with  
their swords drawn and bloody*

*Lady Rand.* Not vain the stranger's fears!—How  
[fares my lord?

*Lord Rand.* That it fares well, thanks to this gallant youth,  
Whose valour saved me from a wretched death!—  
As down the winding dale I walk'd alone, 10  
At the cross way four armed men attack'd me:  
Rovers, I judge, from the licentious camp;  
Who would have quickly laid Lord Randolph low,  
Had not this brave and generous stranger come,  
Like my good angel, in the hour of fate,  
And, mocking danger, made my foes his own.  
They turn'd upon him; but his active arm  
Struck to the ground, from whence they rose no more,  
The fiercest two; the others fled amain,

---

(a) After "Act II", 1757 has "Scene I."

(b) Variations in the stage directions here are as follows:

Und. has "Enter Donald and a stranger, and Lady Randolph and Anna through the castle gates."

Before the opening of Lady Randolph's speech, 1757 has "(Stranger within)" and puts in the mouth of the stranger the words "O mercy! Mercy!"

At the same place, Und. has the following:

"Donald (without) Bring him along.

Stranger (without) Help! Help!

Donald (entering) Along, I say."

6. After line 6, the stage directions in Und. read:

"Enter four attendants, Lord Randolph and Norval", etc.

And left him master of the bloody field. 20

Speak, Lady Randolph: upon beauty's tongue

Dwell accents pleasing to the brave and bold;

Speak, noble dame, and thank him for thy lord.

*Lady Rand.* My lord, I cannot speak what now I feel.

My heart o'erflows with gratitude to heav'n;

And to this noble youth, who, all unknown

To you and yours, deliberated not,

Nor paused at peril, but humanely brave

Fought on your side, against such fearful odds.

Have you yet learn'd of him whom we should thank? 30

Whom call the saviour of Lord Randolph's life?

*Lord Rand.* I ask'd that question, and he answered not:

But I must know who my deliverer is. [*To the Stranger.*]

*Strang.* A low-born man, of parentage obscure,

Who nought can boast but his desire to be

A soldier, and to gain a name in arms.

*Lord Rand.* Whoe'er thou art, thy spirit is ennobled

By the great King of kings! thou art ordain'd

And stamp'd a hero by the sovereign hand

Of Nature! blush not, flower of modesty, 40

As well as valour, to declare thy birth.

*Strang.* My name is Norval: on the Grampian hills

My father feeds his flocks; a frugal swain,

Whose constant cares were to increase his store,

And keep his only son, myself, at home.

For I had heard of battles, and I long'd

To follow to the field some warlike lord:

And heav'n soon granted what my sire deny'd.

This moon which rose last night, round as my shield,

Had not yet fill'd her horns, when, by her light, 50

A band of fierce barbarians, from the hills,

Rush'd like a torrent down upon the vale,

Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds fled

For safety and for succour. I alone,

With bended bow, and quiver full of arrows,

Hover'd about the enemy, and mark'd

21 (beginning "upon beauty's tongue") to 29 omitted in 1808.

26 (beginning "who, all unknown") to 29 omitted in Cumb.

The road he took, then hasten'd to my friends,  
Whom, with a troop of fifty chosen men,  
I met advancing. The pursuit I led,  
Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumber'd foe. 60  
We fought and conquer'd. Ere a sword was drawn,  
An arrow from my bow had pierced their chief,  
Who wore that day the arms which now I wear.  
Returning home in triumph, I disdain'd  
The shepherd's slothful life; and having heard  
That our good king had summon'd his bold peers  
To lead their warriors to the Carron side,  
I left my father's house, and took with me  
A chosen servant to conduct my steps:—  
Yon trembling coward, who forsook his master. 70  
Journeying with this intent, I past these towers,  
And, heav'n-directed, came this day to do  
The happy deed that gilds my humble name.

*Lord Rand.* He is as wise as brave. Was ever tale  
With such a gallant modesty rehearsed?  
My brave deliverer! thou shalt enter now  
A nobler list, and in a monarch's sight  
Contend with princes for the prize of fame.  
I will present thee to our Scottish king,  
Whose valiant spirit ever valour loved.— 80  
Ha, my Matilda! wherefore starts that tear?

*Lady Rand.* I cannot say: for various affections,  
And strangely mingled, in my bosom swell;  
Yet each of them may well command a tear.  
I joy that thou art safe; and I admire  
Him and his fortunes who hath wrought thy safety;  
Yea, as my mind predicts, with thine his own.  
Obscure and friendless, he the army sought,  
Bent upon peril, in the range of death  
Resolved to hunt for fame, and with his sword 90  
To gain distinction which his birth deny'd.  
In this attempt unknown he might have perish'd,  
And gain'd, with all his valour, but oblivion.  
Now, graced by thee, his virtue serves no more

---

57. Instead of "hasten'd", 1808 has "hasted".

Beneath despair. The soldier now of hope  
He stands conspicuous; fame and great renown  
Are brought within the compass of his sword.  
On this my mind reflected, whilst you spoke,  
And bless'd the wonder-working Lord of heaven.

*Lord Rand.* Pious and grateful ever are thy thoughts! 100  
My deeds shall follow where thou point'st the way.  
Next to myself, and equal to Glenalvon,  
In honour and command shall Norval be.

*Norv.* I know not how to thank you. Rude I am  
In speech and manners: never till this hour  
Stood I in such a presence; yet, my lord,  
There's something in my breast, which makes me bold  
To say, that Norval ne'er will shame thy favour.

*Lady Rand.* I will be sworn thou wilt not. Thou shalt be 110  
My knight; and ever, as thou didst to-day,  
With happy valour guard the life of Randolph.

*Lord Rand.* Well hast thou spoke. Let me forbid reply.  
[*To Norval.*]

We are thy debtors still; thy high desert  
O'ertops our gratitude. I must proceed,  
As was at first intended, to the camp.  
Some of my train, I see, are speeding hither,  
Impatient, doubtless, of their lord's delay.  
Go with me, Norval, and thine eyes shall see  
The chosen warriors of thy native land,  
Who languish for the fight, and beat the air 120  
With brandish'd swords.

*Norv.* Let us begone, my lord.

*Lord. Rand.* [*To Lady Randolph.*] About the time that the  
Shall his broad orb o'er yonder hills suspend, [declining sun  
Expect us to return. This night once more  
Within these walls I rest; my tent I pitch  
To-morrow in the field.—Prepare the feast.  
Free is his heart who for his country fights:  
He in the eve of battle may resign

96 (beginning "fame and great renown") to 97 omitted in Cumb.

99. Instead of "Lord", Cumb. has "hand".

123. This line reads, "Shall his broad orbit o'er yond hills suspend", in 1757, 1764, 1784, 1798, Und., and Cumb.

Himself to social pleasure; sweetest then,  
When danger to a soldier's soul endears 130  
The human joy that never may return.

[*Exeunt Randolph and Norval.*]

*Lady Randolph and Anna*

*Lady Rand.* His parting words have struck a fatal truth.  
O Douglas, Douglas! tender was the time  
When we two parted, ne'er to meet again!  
How many years of anguish and despair  
Has heaven annex'd to those swift-passing hours  
Of love and fondness! Then my bosom's flame,  
Oft, as blown back by the rude breath of fear,  
Return'd, and with redoubled ardour blazed.

*Anna.* May gracious heaven pour the sweet balm of 140  
Into the wounds that fester in your breast! [peace  
For earthly consolation cannot cure them.

*Lady Rand.* One only cure can heaven itself bestow;  
A grave—that bed in which the weary rest.  
Wretch that I am! Alas! why am I so?  
At every happy parent I repine!  
How blest the mother of yon gallant Norval!  
She for a living husband bore her pains,  
And heard him bless her when a man was born:  
She nursed her smiling infant on her breast; 150  
Tended the child, and rear'd the pleasing boy.  
She, with affection's triumph, saw the youth  
In grace and comeliness surpass his peers:  
Whilst I to a dead husband bore a son,  
And to the roaring waters gave my child.

*Anna.* Alas, alas! why will you thus resume  
Your grief afresh? I thought that gallant youth  
Would for a while have won you from your woe.  
On him intent you gazed, with a look  
Much more delighted, than your pensive eye 160  
Has deign'd on other objects to bestow.

131. After line 131, 1764 has "exit" instead of "exeunt" in the stage direction. After the stage direction, 1757 has "Scene II."

132-144 omitted in 1825, Und., and Cumb.

*Lady Rand.* Delighted, say'st thou? Oh! even there  
 Found fuel for my life-consuming sorrow. [mine eye  
 I thought, that had the son of Douglas lived,  
 He might have been like this young gallant stranger,  
 And pair'd with him in features and in shape.  
 In all endowments, as in years, I deem,  
 My boy with blooming Norval might have number'd.  
 Whilst thus I mused, a spark from fancy fell  
 On my sad heart, and kindled up a fondness 170  
 For this young stranger, wand'ring from his home,  
 And like an orphan cast upon my care.  
 I will protect thee, (said I to myself)  
 With all my power, and grace with all my favour.

*Anna.* Sure heaven will bless so generous a resolve.  
 You must, my noble dame, exert your power:  
 You must awake: devices will be framed,  
 And arrows pointed at the breast of Norval.

*Lady Rand.* Glenalvon's false and crafty head will work  
 Against a rival in his kinsman's love, 180  
 If I deter him not: I only can.  
 Bold as he is, Glenalvon will beware  
 How he pulls down the fabric that I raise.  
 I'll be the artist of young Norval's fortune.  
 'Tis pleasing to admire! most apt was I  
 To this affection in my better days;  
 Though now I seem to you shrunk up, retired  
 Within the narrow compass of my woe.  
 Have you not sometimes seen an early flower  
 Open its bud, and spread its silken leaves, 190  
 To catch sweet airs, and odours to bestow;  
 Then, by the keen blast nipt, pull in its leaves,  
 And, though still living, die to scent and beauty?  
 Emblem of me: affliction, like a storm,  
 Hath kill'd the forward blossoms of my heart.

*Enter Glenalvon*

*Glen.* Where is my dearest kinsman, noble Randolph?

*Lady Rand.* Have you not heard, Glenalvon, of the base——

166-168 omitted in 1825 and Und.

185-195 omitted in 1825 and Cumb.

*Glen.* I have: and that the villains may not 'scape,  
With a strong band I have begirt the wood:  
If they lurk there, alive they shall be taken, 200  
And torture force from them th' important secret,  
Whether some foe of Randolph hired their swords,  
Or if——

*Lady Rand.* That care becomes a kinsman's love.—  
I have a counsel for Glenalvon's ear. [Exit Anna.

*Glen.* To him your counsels always are commands.

*Lady Rand.* I have not found so: thou art known to me.

*Glen.* Known!

*Lady Rand.* And most certain is my cause of knowledge.

*Glen.* What do you know? By the most blessed cross,  
You much amaze me. No created being,  
Yourself except, durst thus accost Glenalvon. 210

*Lady Rand.* Is guilt so bold? and dost thou make a merit  
Of thy pretended meekness? This to me,  
Who, with a gentleness which duty blames,  
Have hitherto conceal'd, what, if divulged,  
Would make thee nothing; or, what's worst than that,  
An outcast beggar, and unpitied too?  
For mortals shudder at a crime like thine.

*Glen.* Thy virtue awes me. First of womankind!  
Permit me yet to say, that the fond man  
Whom love transports beyond strict virtue's bounds, 220  
If he is brought by love to misery,  
In fortune ruin'd, as in mind forlorn,  
Unpity'd cannot be. Pity's the alms  
Which on such beggars freely is bestow'd:  
For mortals know that love is still their lord,  
And o'er their vain resolves advances still:  
As fire, when kindled by our shepherds, moves  
Through the dry heath before the fanning wind.

*Lady Rand.* Reserve these accents for some other ear.  
To love's apology I listen not. 230  
Mark thou my words; for it is meet thou should'st.

208. Instead of "most blessed cross", Cumb. has "heaven".

210. Instead of "Glenalvon", 1825 has "me".

His brave deliverer Randolph here retains.  
 Perhaps his presence may not please thee well;  
 But, at thy peril, practise aught against him:  
 Let not thy jealousy attempt to shake  
 And loosen the good root he has in Randolph;  
 Whose favourites I know thou hast supplanted.  
 Thou look'st at me, as if thou fain would'st pry  
 Into my heart: 'Tis open as my speech.  
 I give this early caution; and put on 240  
 The curb, before thy temper breaks away.  
 The friendless stranger my protection claims:  
 His friend I am, and be not thou his foe. [Exit.

*Manet Glenalvon*

*Glen.* Child that I was, to start at my own shadow,  
 And be the shallow fool of coward conscience!  
 I am not what I have been; what I should be.  
 The darts of destiny have almost pierced  
 My marble heart. Had I one grain of faith  
 In holy legends, and religious tales,  
 I should conclude there was an arm above 250  
 That fought against me, and malignant turn'd,  
 To catch myself, the subtle snare I set.  
 Why, rape and murder are not simple means!  
 Th' imperfect rape to Randolph gave a spouse;  
 And the intended murder introduced  
 A favourite to hide the sun from me;  
 And, worst of all, a rival. Burning hell!  
 This were thy centre, if I thought she loved him!  
 'Tis certain she contemns me; nay, commands me,  
 And waves the flag of her displeasure o'er me, 260  
 In his behalf. And shall I thus be braved?  
 Curb'd, as she calls it, by dame chastity?  
 Infernal fiends, if any fiends there are  
 More fierce than hate, ambition, and revenge,  
 Rise up, and fill my bosom with your fires,  
 And policy remorseless! Chance may spoil

243. After this line, 1757 has "Scene III." "Manet Glenalvon" omitted in Und. and Cumb.

266-269 omitted in 1825.



A single aim; but perseverance must  
Prosper at last. For chance and fate are words:  
Persistive wisdom is the fate of man.

Darkly a project peers upon my mind,  
Like the red moon when rising in the east,  
Cross'd and divided by strange-colour'd clouds.  
I'll seek the slave who came with Norval hither,  
And for his cowardice was spurned from him.  
I've known a follower's rankled bosom breed  
Venom most fatal to his heedless lord.

270

[*Exit.*]

# ACT III. (a)

SCENE,—A Court, &c. as before.

*Enter Anna (b)*

*Anna.* Thy vassals, Grief! great nature's order break, 1  
And change the noon-tide to the midnight hour.  
Whilst Lady Randolph sleeps, I will walk forth,  
And taste the air that breathes on yonder bank.  
Sweet may her slumbers be! Ye ministers  
Of gracious heav'n who love the human race,  
Angels and seraphs who delight in goodness,  
Forsake your skies, and to her couch descend!  
There from her fancy chase those dismal forms  
That haunt her waking; her sad spirit charm 10  
With images celestial, such as please  
The bless'd above upon their golden beds.

*Enter Servant*

*Serv.* One of the vile assassins is secured.  
We found the villain lurking in the wood:  
With dreadful imprecations he denies  
All knowledge of the crime. But this is not  
His first essay: these jewels were conceal'd  
In the most secret places of his garment;  
Belike the spoils of some that he has murder'd.

*Anna.* Let me look on them. Ha! here is a heart, 20  
The chosen crest of Douglas' valiant name!  
These are no vulgar jewels.—Guard the wretch. [*Exit Anna.*]

*Enter Servants with a Prisoner*

*Pris.* I know no more than does the child unborn  
Of what you charge me with.

*1 Serv.* You say so, sir!

(a) After "Act III", 1757 has "Scene I".

(b) Instead of "Enter Anna", Und. has "Enter Donald and Anna through the castle gates".

1-12 omitted in Und. and Cumb.

3. Instead of "sleeps", 1825 has "rests".

5-12 omitted in 1825.

13. After line 13, 1825, Und. and Cumb. add the following line: "That struck this morning at Lord Randolph's life."

But torture soon shall make you speak the truth.  
Behold, the lady of Lord Randolph comes:  
Prepare yourself to meet her just revenge.

*Enter Lady Randolph and Anna*

*Anna.* Summon your utmost fortitude, before  
You speak with him. Your dignity, your fame,  
Are now at stake. Think of the fatal secret, 30  
Which in a moment from your lips may fly.

*Lady Rand.* Thou shalt behold me, with a desperate heart,  
Hear how my infant perish'd. See, he kneels.

*[The Prisoner kneels.]*

*Pris.* Heaven bless that countenance so sweet and mild!  
A judge like thee makes innocence more bold.  
O save me, lady! from these cruel men,  
Who have attack'd and seized me; who accuse  
Me of intended murder. As I hope  
For mercy at the judgment-seat of God,  
The tender lamb, that never nipt the grass, 40  
Is not more innocent than I of murder.

*Lady Rand.* Of this man's guilt what proof can ye produce?

*1 Serv.* We found him lurking in the hollow glen.  
When view'd and call'd upon, amazed he fled.  
We overtook him, and inquired from whence  
And what he was: he said he came from far,  
And was upon his journey to the camp.  
Not satisfied with this, we search'd his clothes,  
And found these jewels, whose rich value plead  
Most powerfully against him. Hard he seems, 50  
And old in villainy. Permit us try  
His stubbornness against the torture's force.

*Pris.* O, gentle lady! by your lord's dear life,  
Which these weak hands, I swear, did ne'er assail;  
And by your children's welfare, spare my age!

27. After this line, 1757 has "Scene II."

29-30. "Your dignity, your fame, Are now at stake" omitted in 1808.

31. Instead of "fly", 1808 has "fall".

33. After "See, he kneels", Und. has the stage direction, "Aside to Anna."

35. After this line Cumb. has the stage direction, "Rises."

39. Instead of "God", 1825 has "heaven".

43. Instead of "glen", 1785 has "glyn".

Let not the iron tear my ancient joints,  
And my grey hairs bring to the grave with pain.

*Lady Rand.* Account for these; thine own they cannot be:  
For these, I say: be stedfast in the truth; 60  
Detected falsehood is most certain death.

[*Anna removes the Servants and returns.*]

*Pris.* Alas! I'm sore beset! let never man,  
For sake of lucre, sin against his soul!  
Eternal justice is in this most just!  
I, guiltless now, must former guilt reveal.

*Lady Rand.* O! Anna, hear!—Once more I charge thee  
The truth direct: for these to me foretell [speak  
And certify a part of thy narration;  
With which, if the remainder tallies not,  
An instant and a dreadful death abides thee. 70

*Pris.* Then, thus adjured, I'll speak to you as just  
As if you were the minister of heaven,  
Sent down to search the secret sins of men.  
Some eighteen years ago, I rented land  
Of brave Sir Malcolm, then Balarmo's lord;  
But falling to decay, his servants seized  
All that I had, and then turn'd me and mine  
(Four helpless infants and their weeping mother,)  
Out to the mercy of the winter winds.

A little hovel by the river's side 80  
Received us: there hard labour, and the skill  
In fishing, which was formerly my sport,  
Supported life. Whilst thus we poorly lived,  
One stormy night, as I remember well,  
The wind and rain beat hard upon our roof:  
Red came the river down, and loud and oft  
The angry spirit of the water shriek'd.  
At the dead hour of night was heard the cry  
Of one in jeopardy. I rose, and ran  
To where the circling eddy of a pool, 90  
Beneath the ford, used oft to bring within  
My reach whatever floating thing the stream

61. After this line, the stage direction in *Und.* reads, "Anna signs to Donald and attendants, and they retire."

Had caught. The voice was ceased; the person lost:  
But, looking sad and earnest on the waters,  
By the moon's light I saw, whirl'd round and round,  
A basket: soon I drew it to the bank,  
And nestled curious there an infant lay.

*Lady Rand.* Was he alive?

*Pris.* He was.

*Lady Rand.* Inhuman that thou art!  
How could'st thou kill what waves and tempests spared?

*Pris.* I was not so inhuman.

*Lady Rand.* Didst thou not? 100

*Anna.* My noble mistress, you are moved too much:  
This man has not the aspect of stern murder;  
Let him go on, and you, I hope, will hear  
Good tidings of your kinsman's long lost child.

*Pris.* The needy man who has known better days,  
One whom distress has spited at the world,  
Is he whom tempting fiends would pitch upon  
To do such deeds, as make the prosperous men  
Lift up their hands, and wonder who could do them:  
And such a man was I; a man declined, 110  
Who saw no end of black adversity:  
Yet, for the wealth of kingdoms, I would not  
Have touch'd that infant with a hand of harm.

*Lady Rand.* Ha! dost thou say so? Then perhaps he lives!

*Pris.* Not many days ago he was alive.

*Lady Rand.* O God of heaven! Did he then die so lately?

*Pris.* I did not say he died; I hope he lives.  
Not many days ago these eyes beheld  
Him, flourishing in youth, and health, and beauty.

*Lady Rand.* Where is he now?

*Pris.* Alas! I know not where. 120

*Lady Rand.* Oh, fate! I fear thee still. Thou riddler, speak  
Direct and clear; else I will search thy soul.

*Anna.* Permit me, ever honour'd! Keen impatience,  
Though hard to be restrain'd, defeats itself.—

101-104 omitted in Cumb.

116. Instead of "O God of heaven!", 1784 has "O! heavenly power!"  
and Cumb. has "Oh! heavenly powers!"

123-126 omitted in 1825, Und., and Cumb.

Pursue thy story with a faithful tongue,  
To the last hour that thou didst keep the child.

*Pris.* Fear not my faith, though I must speak my shame.  
Within the cradle where the infant lay  
Was stow'd a mighty store of gold and jewels;  
Tempted by which, we did resolve to hide, 130  
From all the world, this wonderful event,  
And like a peasant breed the noble child.  
That none might mark the change of our estate,  
We left the country, travell'd to the north,  
Bought flocks and herds, and gradually brought forth  
Our secret wealth. But God's all-seeing eye  
Beheld our avarice, and smote us sore:  
For one by one all our own children died,  
And he, the stranger, sole remain'd the heir 140  
Of what indeed was his. Fain then would I,  
Who with a father's fondness loved the boy,  
Have trusted him, now in the dawn of youth,  
With his own secret: but my anxious wife,  
Foreboding evil, never would consent.  
Meanwhile the stripling grew in years and beauty;  
And, as we oft observed, he bore himself,  
Not as the offspring of our cottage blood;  
For nature will break out: mild with the mild,  
But with the froward he was fierce as fire,  
And night and day he talk'd of war and arms. 150  
I set myself against his warlike bent;  
But all in vain: for when a desperate band  
Of robbers from the savage mountains came——

*Lady Rand.* Eternal Providence! What is thy name?

*Pris.* My name is Norval; and my name he bears.

*Lady Rand.* 'Tis he; 'tis he himself! It is my son!

O, sovereign mercy! 'Twas my child I saw!—

No wonder, Anna, that my bosom burn'd.

*Anna.* Just are your transports: ne'er was woman's heart  
Proved with such fierce extremes. High-fated dame! 160  
But yet remember that you are beheld

---

136. Instead of "God's", Cumb. has Heaven's".

158-169 omitted in 1825, Und., and Cumb.

By servile eyes; your gestures may be seen  
Impassion'd, strange; perhaps your words o'erheard.

*Lady Rand.* Well dost thou counsel, Anna: Heaven bestow  
On me that wisdom which my state requires!

*Anna.* The moments of deliberation pass,  
And soon you must resolve. This useful man  
Must be dismiss'd in safety, ere my lord  
Shall with his brave deliverer return.

*Pris.* If I, amidst astonishment and fear, 170  
Have of your words and gestures rightly judged,  
Thou art the daughter of my ancient master;  
The child I rescued from the flood is thine.

*Lady Rand.* With thee dissimulation now were vain.  
I am indeed the daughter of Sir Malcolm;  
The child thou rescuedst from the flood is mine.

*Pris.* Bless'd be the hour that made me a poor man!  
My poverty hath saved my master's house!

*Lady Rand.* Thy words surprise me: sure thou dost not  
The tear stands in thine eye: such love from thee [feign! 180  
Sir Malcolm's house deserved not; if aright  
Thou told'st the story of thy own distress.

*Pris.* Sir Malcolm of our barons was the flower;  
The fastest friend, the best, the kindest master:  
But ah! he knew not of my sad estate.  
After that battle, where his gallant son,  
Your own brave brother, fell, the good old lord  
Grew desperate and reckless of the world;  
And never, as he erst was wont, went forth  
To overlook the conduct of his servants. 190  
By them I was thrust out, and them I blame:  
May heaven so judge me as I judged my master!  
And God so love me as I love his race!

*Lady Rand.* His race shall yet reward thee. On thy faith  
Depends the fate of thy loved master's house.  
Remember'st thou a little lonely hut,  
That like a holy hermitage appears

177. After "Pris.", Und. has the stage direction, "Kneels".

179. After "Lady Rand.", Und. has the stage direction, "raising old Norval."

Among the cliffs of Carron?

*Pris.*

I remember

The cottage of the cliffs.

*Lady Rand.*

'Tis that I mean:

There dwells a man of venerable age,

200

Who in my father's service spent his youth:

Tell him I sent thee, and with him remain,

Till I shall call upon thee to declare,

Before the king and nobles, what thou now

To me hast told. No more but this, and thou

Shalt live in honour all thy future days;

Thy son so long shall call thee father still,

And all the land shall bless the man who saved

The son of Douglas, and Sir Malcolm's heir.

Remember well my words; if thou should'st meet

210

Him whom thou call'st thy son, still call him so;

And mention nothing of his nobler father.

*Pris.* Fear not that I shall mar so fair a harvest,

By putting in my sickle ere 'tis ripe.

Why did I leave my home and ancient dame?

To find the youth, to tell him all I knew,

And make him wear these jewels in his arms,

Which might, I thought, be challenged, and so bring

To light the secret of his noble birth.

[*Lady Randolph goes towards the Servants.*

*Lady Rand.* This man is not the assassin you suspected, 220

Though chance combined some likelihoods against him.

He is the faithful bearer of the jewels

To their right owner, whom in haste he seeks.

'Tis meet that you should put him on his way,

Since your mistaken zeal hath dragg'd him hither.

[*Exeunt Stranger and Servants.*

*Lady Randolph and Anna*

*Lady Rand.* My faithful Anna! dost thou share my joy?

I know thou dost. Unparallel'd event!

Reaching from heaven to earth, Jehovah's arm

219. After this line the stage direction in Und. reads: "Anna beckons to servants and they re-inter."

225. After "Exeunt Stranger and Servants", 1757 has "Scene III."



Snatch'd from the waves, and brings to me my son!  
Judge of the widow, and the orphan's father, 230  
Accept a widow's and a mother's thanks  
For such a gift!—What does my Anna think  
Of the young eaglet of a valiant nest?  
How soon he gazed on bright and burning arms,  
Spurn'd the low dunghill where his fate had thrown him,  
And tower'd up to the region of his sire!

*Anna.* How fondly did your eyes devour the boy!  
Mysterious nature, with the unseen cord  
Of powerful instinct, drew you to your own.

*Land Rand.* The ready story of his birth believed 240  
Suppress my fancy quite; nor did he owe  
To any likeness my so sudden favour:  
But now I long to see his face again,  
Examine every feature, and find out  
The lineaments of Douglas, or my own.  
But most of all I long to let him know  
Who his true parents are, to clasp his neck,  
And tell him all the story of his father.

*Anna.* With wary caution you must bear yourself  
In public, lest your tenderness break forth, 250  
And in observers stir conjectures strange.  
For, if a cherub in the shape of woman  
Should walk this world, yet defamation would,  
Like a vile cur, bark at the angel's train.—  
To-day the baron started at your tears.

*Lady Rand.* He did so, Anna! Well thy mistress knows  
If the least circumstance, mote of offence,  
Should touch the baron's eye, his sight would be  
With jealousy disorder'd. But the more  
It does behove me instant to declare 260  
The birth of Douglas, and assert his rights.  
This night I purpose with my son to meet,  
Reveal the secret, and consult with him:  
For wise he is, or my fond judgment errs.

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252-254 omitted in 1825 and Cumb.

259 (beginning "But the more") to 273 (beginning "That demon")  
omitted in 1825 and Cumb.

As he does now, so look'd his noble father,  
Array'd in nature's ease: his mien, his speech,  
Were sweetly simple, and full oft deceived  
Those trivial mortals who seem always wise.  
But, when the matter match'd his mighty mind,  
Up rose the hero; on his piercing eye  
Sat observation; on each glance of thought  
Decision follow'd, as the thunderbolt  
Pursues the flash.

270

*Anna.* That demon haunts you still:  
Behold Glenalvon.

*Lady Rand.* Now I shun him not.  
This day I braved him in behalf of Norval:  
Perhaps too far: at least my nicer fears  
For Douglas thus interpret.

*Enter Glenalvon*

*Glen.* Noble dame!  
The hov'ring Dane at last his men hath landed:  
No band of pirates; but a mighty host,  
That come to settle where their valour conquers;  
To win a country, or to lose themselves.

280

*Lady Rand.* But whence comes this intelligence, Glenalvon?

*Glen.* A nimble courier sent from yonder camp,  
To hasten up the chieftains of the north,  
Inform'd me, as he past, that the fierce Dane  
Had on the eastern coast of Lothian landed,  
Near to that place where the sea-rock immense,  
Amazing Bass, looks o'er a fertile land.

*Lady Rand.* Then must this western army march to join  
The warlike troops that guard Edina's towers.

290

*Glen.* Beyond all question. If impairing time  
Has not effaced the image of a place  
Once perfect in my breast, there is a wild  
Which lies to westward of that mighty rock,  
And seems by nature formed for the camp  
Of water-wafted armies, whose chief strength  
Lies in firm foot, unflank'd with warlike horse:  
If martial skill directs the Danish lords,

There inaccessible their army lies  
To our swift-scow'ring horse; the bloody field 300  
Must man to man, and foot to foot, be fought.

*Lady Rand.* How many mothers shall bewail their sons!  
'How many widows weep their husbands slain!  
Ye dames of Denmark! even for you I feel,  
Who, sadly sitting on the sea-beat shore,  
Long look for lords that never shall return.

*Glen.* Oft has the unconquer'd Caledonian sword  
Widow'd the north. The children of the slain  
Come, as I hope, to meet their fathers' fate.  
The monster war, with her infernal brood, 310  
Loud yelling fury, and life-ending pain,  
Are objects suited to Glenalvon's soul.  
Scorn is more grievous than the pains of death:  
Reproach more piercing than the pointed sword.

*Lady Rand.* I scorn thee not, but when I ought to scorn;  
Nor e'er reproach, but when insulted virtue  
Against audacious vice asserts herself.  
I own thy worth, Glenalvon; none more apt  
Than I to praise thine eminence in arms,  
And be the echo of thy martial fame. 320  
No longer vainly feed a guilty passion;  
Go and pursue a lawful mistress, Glory:  
Upon the Danish crests redeem thy fault,  
And let thy valour be the shield of Randolph.

*Glen.* One instant stay, and hear an alter'd man.  
When beauty pleads for virtue, vice abash'd  
Flies its own colours, and goes o'er to virtue.  
I am your convert; time will shew how truly:  
Yet one immediate proof I mean to give.  
That youth, for whom your ardent zeal to-day 330  
Somewhat too haughtily defied your slave,  
Amidst the shock of armies I'll defend,  
And turn death from him with a guardian arm.  
Sedate by use, my bosom maddens not  
At the tumultuous uproar of the field.

*Lady Rand.* Act thus, Glenalvon, and I am thy friend:  
But that's thy least reward. Believe me, sir,

The truly generous is the truly wise;  
And he, who loves not others, lives unblest.

[*Exit Lady Randolph.*]

Glen. [*Solus*] Amen! and virtue is its own reward!— 340  
I think that I have hit the very tone  
In which she loves to speak. Honey'd assent,  
How pleasant art thou to the taste of man,  
And woman also! flattery direct  
Rarely disgusts. They little know mankind  
Who doubt its operation: 'tis my key,  
And opes the wicket of the human heart.  
How far I have succeeded now, I know not:  
Yet I incline to think her stormy virtue  
Is lull'd awhile. 'Tis her alone I fear: 350  
Whilst she and Randolph live, and live in faith  
And amity, uncertain is my tenure.  
Fate o'er my head suspends disgrace and death,  
By that weak hair, a peevish female's will.  
I am not idle; but the ebbs and flows  
Of fortune's tide cannot be calculated.  
That slave of Norval's I have found most apt:  
I shew'd him gold, and he has pawn'd his soul  
To say and swear whatever I suggest.  
Norval, I'm told, has that alluring look, 360  
'Twixt man and woman, which I have observed  
To charm the nicer and fantastic dames,  
Who are, like Lady Randolph, full of virtue.  
In raising Randolph's jealousy, I may  
But point him to the truth. He seldom errs,  
Who thinks the worst he can of womankind. [*Exit.*]

(a)

345. Instead of "rarely", 1825 has "seldom".

353-356 omitted in 1825 and Cumb.

366. After this line, 1764 omits the stage direction, "exit."

(a) "End of Act III", is found in 1757, 1764, 1789, and Cumb.

## ACT IV.

SCENE,—A Court, &c. as before.—*Flourish of Trumpets.* (a)

*Enter Lord Randolph, attended* (b)

*Lord Rand.* Summon a hundred horse, by break of day, 1  
To wait our pleasure at the castle-gate.

*Enter Lady Randolph*

*Lady Rand.* Alas! my lord! I've heard unwelcome news:  
The Danes are landed.

*Lord Rand.* Ay, no inroad this  
Of the Northumbrian, bent to take a spoil:  
No sportive war, no tournament essay  
Of some young knight resolved to break a spear,  
And stain with hostile blood his maiden arms.  
The Danes are landed: we must beat them back,  
Or live the slaves of Denmark.

*Lady Rand.* Dreadful times! 10

*Lord Rand.* The fenceless villages are all forsaken;  
The trembling mothers, and their children, lodged  
In wall-girt towers and castles; whilst the men  
Retire indignant. Yet, like broken waves,  
They but retire more awful to return.

*Lady Rand.* Immense, as fame reports, the Danish host!

*Lord Rand.* Were it as numerous as loud fame reports,  
An army knit like ours would pierce it through:  
Brothers, that shrink not from each other's side,  
And fond companions, fill our warlike files: 20  
For his dear offspring, and the wife he loves,  
The husband and the fearless father arm.  
In vulgar breasts heroic ardour burns,  
And the poor peasant mates his daring lord.

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(a) Und. omits "Flourish of Trumpets"; Cumb. omits "A court, &c, as before;" and 1764 omits "&c,as before."

(b) After "Enter Lord Randolph attended", Und. adds "through the castle gates."

2. After this line, Und. has the stage direction, "Exeunt attendants."

Cumb. omits the stage direction, "Enter Lady Randolph."

6-7 omitted in 1808.

*Lady Rand.* Men's minds are temper'd, like their swords,  
 Lovers of danger, on destruction's brink [for war;  
 They joy to rear erect their daring forms.  
 Hence, early graves; hence, the lone widow's life;  
 And the sad mother's grief-embitter'd age.—  
 Where is our gallant guest?

*Lord Rand.* Down in the vale 30  
 I left him, managing a fiery steed,  
 Whose stubbornness had foil'd the strength and skill  
 Of every rider. But behold he comes,  
 In earnest conversation with Glenalvon.—

*Enter Norval and Glenalvon*

Glenalvon! with the lark arise; go forth,  
 And lead my troops that lie in yonder vale:  
 Private I travel to the royal camp:  
 Norval, thou goest with me. But say, young man!  
 Where didst thou learn so to discourse of war,  
 And in such terms, as I o'erheard to-day? 40  
 War is no village science, nor its phrase  
 A language taught amongst the shepherd swains.

*Norv.* Small is the skill my lord delights to praise  
 In him he favours.—Hear from whence it came:  
 Beneath a mountain's brow, the most remote  
 And inaccessible by shepherds trod,  
 In a deep cave, dug by no mortal hand,  
 A hermit lived; a melancholy man,  
 Who was the wonder of our wand'ring swains:  
 Austere and lonely, cruel to himself, 50  
 Did they report him; the cold earth his bed,  
 Water his drink, his food the shepherd's alms.  
 I went to see him, and my heart was touch'd  
 With rev'rence and with pity. Mild he spake,  
 And, entering on discourse, such stories told  
 As made me oft revisit his sad cell;  
 For he had been a soldier in his youth,  
 And fought in famous battles, when the peers  
 Of Europe, by the bold Godfredo led,  
 Against the usurping infidel display'd 60

The blessed cross, and won the Holy Land.  
Pleased with my admiration, and the fire  
His speech struck from me, the old man would shake  
His years away, and act his young encounters:  
Then, having shew'd his wounds, he'd sit him down,  
And all the live long day discourse of war.  
To help my fancy, in the smooth green turf  
He cut the figures of the marshall'd hosts;  
Described the motion, and explain'd the use  
Of the deep column, and the lengthen'd line,  
The square, the crescent, and the phalanx firm.  
For all that Saracen or Christian knew  
Of war's vast art, was to this hermit known.

70

*Lord Rand.* Why did this soldier in a desert hide  
Those qualities that should have graced a camp?

*Norv.* That too at last I learn'd. Unhappy man!  
Returning homeward by Messina's port,  
Loaded with wealth and honours bravely won,  
A rude and boist'rous captain of the sea  
Fasten'd a quarrel on him. Fierce they fought:  
The stranger fell, and with his dying breath  
Declared his name and lineage. Mighty power!  
The soldier cried, my brother! Oh my brother!

80

*Lady Rand.* His brother!

*Norv.* Yes; of the same parents born;  
His only brother. They exchanged forgiveness:  
And happy, in my mind, was he that died;  
For many deaths has the survivor suffer'd.  
In the wild desert on a rock he sits,  
Or on some nameless stream's untrodden banks,  
And ruminates all day his dreadful fate.  
At times, alas! not in his perfect mind,  
Holds dialogues with his loved brother's ghost:  
And oft each night forsakes his sullen couch,  
To make sad orisons for him he slew.

90

*Lady Rand.* To what mysterious woes are mortals born!  
In this dire tragedy, were there no more

73. After this line, Und. has the stage direction, "Trumpets sound."  
74 to "From whence" in 103 omitted in 1825, Und., and Cumb.

Unhappy persons? Did the parents live?

*Norr.* No; they were dead: kind Heaven had closed  
Before their son had shed his brother's blood. [their eyes

*Lord Rand.* Hard is his fate; for he was not to blame! 100  
There is a destiny in this strange world,  
Which oft decrees an undeserved doom:  
Let schoolmen tell us why.—From whence these sounds?  
[Trumpets at a distance.

*Enter an Officer*

*Off.* My lord, the trumpets of the troops of Lorn:  
The valiant leader hails the noble Randolph.

*Lord Rand.* Mine ancient guest? does he the warriors lead?  
Has Denmark roused the brave old knight to arms?

*Off.* No; worn with warfare, he resigns the sword.  
His eldest hope, the valiant John of Lorn,  
Now leads his kindred bands.

*Lord Rand.* Glenalvon, go, 110  
With hospitality's most strong request  
Entreat the chief. [Exit Glenalvon.

*Off.* My lord, requests are vain.  
He urges on impatient of delay,  
Stung with the tidings of the foe's approach.

*Lord Rand.* May victory sit on the warrior's plume!  
Bravest of men! his flocks and herds are safe;  
Remote from war's alarms his pastures lie,  
By mountains inaccessible secured:  
Yet foremost he into the plain descends,  
Eager to bleed in battles not his own. 120  
Such were the heroes of the ancient world;  
Contemners they of indolence and gain;  
But still, for love of glory and of arms,  
Prone to encounter peril, and to lift  
Against each strong antagonist the spear.  
I'll go and press the hero to my breast. [Exit Randolph.

105. Instead of "the noble Randolph", Und. has "their noble Randolph."

126. After this line, the stage direction in Cumb. reads: "Exit with officer", Und. reads "Exit Lord Randolph and Donald."  
"Manent Lady Randolph and Norval" is omitted in Und.



*Manent Lady Randolph and Norval*

*Lady Rand.* The soldier's loftiness, the pride and pomp  
Investing awful war, Norval, I see,  
Transport thy youthful mind.

*Norv.* Ah! should they not?  
Blest be the hour I left my father's house! 130  
I might have been a shepherd all my days,  
And stole obscurely to a peasant's grave.  
Now, if I live, with mighty chiefs I stand;  
And, if I fall, with noble dust I lie.

*Lady Rand.* There is a gen'rous spirit in thy breast,  
That could have well sustain'd a prouder fortune.  
This way with me; under yon spreading beech,  
Unseen, unheard, by human eye or ear,  
I will amaze thee with a wondrous tale.

*Norv.* Let there be danger, lady, with the secret, 140  
That I may hug it to my grateful heart,  
And prove my faith. Command my sword, my life;  
These are the sole possessions of poor Norval.

*Lady Rand.* Know'st thou these gems?

*Norv.* Durst I believe  
I'd say I knew them, and they were my father's. [mine eyes,  
*Lady Rand.* Thy father's, say'st thou? Ah! they were thy  
*Norv.* I saw them once, and curiously inquired [father's!  
Of both my parents, whence such splendour came;  
But I was check'd, and more could never learn.

*Lady Rand.* Then learn of me, thou art not Norval's 150

*Norv.* Not Norval's son! [son.

*Lady Rand.* Nor of a shepherd sprung.

*Norv.* Lady, who am I then?

*Lady Rand.* Noble thou art;  
For noble was thy sire!

*Norv.* I will believe—  
O, tell me farther! Say, who was my father?

*Lady Rand.* Douglas!

*Norv.* Lord Douglas, whom to-day I saw?

---

144. After Lady Randolph's question in this line, Und. has the stage direction "Shews the jewels."

*Lady Rand.* His younger brother.

*Norr.* And in yonder camp——

*Lady Rand.* Alas!

*Norr.* You make me tremble—Sighs and  
Lives my brave father? [tears!—

*Lady Rand.* Ah, too brave indeed!  
He fell in battle ere thyself was born.

*Norr.* Ah me, unhappy! ere I saw the light? 160  
But does my mother live? I may conclude,  
From my own fate, her portion has been sorrow.

*Lady Rand.* She lives; but wastes her life in constant woe,  
Weeping her husband slain, her infant lost.

*Norr.* You that are skill'd so well in the sad story  
Of my unhappy parents, and with tears  
Bewail their destiny, now have compassion  
Upon the offspring of the friends you loved.  
O! tell me who, and where my mother is?  
Oppress'd by a base world, perhaps she bends 170  
Beneath the weight of other ills than grief;  
And, desolate, implores of heaven the aid  
Her son should give. It is, it must be so—  
Your countenance confesses that she's wretched.  
O, tell me her condition! Can the sword—  
Who shall resist me in a parent's cause?

*Lady Rand.* Thy virtue ends her woes.—My son! my son!  
I am thy mother, and the wife of Douglas!

[Falls upon his neck.

*Norr.* O heaven and earth, how wondrous is my fate!  
Art thou my mother? Ever let me kneel! 180

*Lady Rand.* Image of Douglas! Fruit of fatal love!  
All that I owe thy sire, I pay to thee.

*Norr.* Respect and admiration still possess me,  
Hecking the love and fondness of a son:  
Yet I was filial to my humble parents.  
But did my sire surpass the rest of men,  
As thou excellest all of womankind?

*Lady Rand.* Arise, my son! In me thou dost behold

172. Instead of "the aid" Cumb. has "thy aid".

178. The stage direction after this line omitted in Und.

The poor remains of beauty once admired:  
The autumn of my days is come already; 190  
For sorrow made my summer haste away.  
Yet in my prime I equall'd not thy father:  
His eyes were like the eagle's, yet sometimes  
Liker the dove's; and, as he pleased, he won  
All hearts with softness, or with spirit awed.

*Norv.* How did he fall? Sure 'twas a bloody field  
When Douglas died. O! I have much to ask.

*Lady Rand.* Hereafter thou shalt hear the lengthen'd tale  
Of all thy father's and thy mother's woes. 200  
At present this: Thou art the rightful heir  
Of yonder castle, and the wide domains  
Which now Lord Randolph, as my husband, holds.  
But thou shalt not be wrong'd; I have the power  
To right thee still: before the king I'll kneel,  
And call Lord Douglas to protect his blood.

*Norv.* The blood of Douglas will protect itself.

*Lady Rand.* But we shall need both friends and favour, boy,  
To wrest the lands and lordship from the gripe  
Of Randolph and his kinsman. Yet I think 210  
My tale will move each gentle heart to pity;  
My life incline the virtuous to believe.

*Norv.* To be the son of Douglas is to me  
Inheritance enough. Declare my birth,  
And in the field I'll seek for fame and fortune.

*Lady Rand.* Thou dost not know what perils and injustice  
Await the poor man's valour. O, my son!  
The noblest blood of all the land's abash'd,  
Having no lackey but pale poverty.  
Too long hast thou been thus attended, Douglas! 220  
Too long hast thou been deem'd a peasant's child.  
The wanton heir of some inglorious chief  
Perhaps has scorn'd thee, in the youthful sports,  
Whilst thy indignant spirit swell'd in vain!  
Such contumely thou no more shalt bear:  
But how I purpose to redress thy wrongs  
But be hereafter told. Prudence directs

That we should part before yon chiefs return.  
 Retire, and from thy rustic follower's hand  
 Receive a billet, which thy mother's care, 230  
 Anxious to see thee, dictated before  
 This casual opportunity arose  
 Of private conference. Its purport mark;  
 For, as I there appoint, we meet again.  
 Leave me, my son! and frame thy manners still  
 To Norval's, not to noble Douglas' state.

*Norv.* I will remember. Where is Norval now.  
 That good old man?

*Lady Rand.* At hand conceal'd he lies,  
 An useful witness. But beware, my son,  
 Of yon Glenalvon; in his guilty breast 240  
 Resides a villain's shrewdness, ever prone  
 To false conjecture. He hath grieved my heart.

*Norv.* Has he, indeed?—Then let yon false Glenalvon  
 Beware of me. [Exit Douglas.]

*Manet Lady Randolph*

*Lady Rand.* There burst the smother'd flame!—  
 O! thou all righteous and eternal King!  
 Who father of the fatherless art call'd,  
 Protect my son! Thy inspiration, Lord!  
 Hath fill'd his bosom with that sacred fire,  
 Which in the breast of his forefathers burn'd:  
 Set him on high, like them, that he may shine 250  
 The star and glory of his native land!  
 Then let the minister of death descend,  
 And bear my willing spirit to its place.  
 Yonder they come.—How do bad women find  
 Unchanging aspects to conceal their guilt?  
 When I, by reason and by justice urged,  
 Full hardly can dissemble with these men  
 In nature's pious cause?

*Enter Lord Randolph and Glenalvon*

*Lord Rand.* Yon gallant chief,  
 Of arms enamour'd, all repose disclaims.

*Lady Rand.* Be not, my lord, by his example sway'd; 260

Arrange the business of to-morrow now,  
And, when you enter, speak of war no more.

[*Exit Lady Randolph.*

*Manent Lord Randolph and Glenalvon*

*Lord Rand.* 'Tis so, by heaven! her mien, her voice, her eye,  
And her impatience to be gone, confirm it.

*Glen.* He parted from her now: behind the mount,  
Amongst the trees, I saw him glide along.

*Lord Rand.* For sad sequester'd virtue she's renown'd.—

*Glen.* Most true my lord.—

*Lord Rand.* Yet, this distinguish'd dame  
Invites a youth, the acquaintance of a day,  
Alone to meet her at the midnight hour. 270  
This assignation, [*Shews a Letter,*] the assassin freed,  
Her manifest affection for the youth,  
Might breed suspicion in a husband's brain,  
Whose gentle consort all for love had wedded;  
Much more in mine. Matilda never loved me.  
Let no man, after me, a woman wed,  
Whose heart he knows he has not; though she brings  
A mine of gold, a kingdom for her dowry.  
For let her seem, like the night's shadowy queen,  
Cold and contemplative—he cannot trust her: 280  
She may, she will, bring shame and sorrow on him;  
The worst of sorrows, and the worst of shames!

*Glen.* Yield not, my lord, to such afflicting thoughts;  
But let the spirit of a husband sleep,  
Till your own senses make a sure conclusion.  
This billet must to blooming Norval go:  
At the next turn awaits my trusty spy;  
I'll give it him refitted for his master.  
In the close thicket take your secret stand;  
The moon shines bright, and your own eyes may judge 290  
Of their behaviour.

*Lord Rand.* Thou dost counsel well.

*Glen.* Permit me now to make one slight essay.  
Of all the trophies which vain mortals boast,

262. The stage direction after this line reads only "Exit" in Cumb.

284. Instead of "a husband" Cumb. has "an husband".

By wit, by valour, or by wisdom won,  
 The first and fairest, in a young man's eye,  
 Is woman's captive heart. Successful love  
 With glorious fumes intoxicates the mind!  
 And the proud conqueror in triumph moves,  
 Air-borne, exalted above vulgar men.

*Lord Rand.* And what avails this maxim?

*Glen.*

Much, my 300

Withdraw a little: I'll accost young Norval, [lord.  
 And with ironical derisive counsel  
 Explore his spirit. If he is no more  
 Than humble Norval, by thy favour raised,  
 Brave as he is, he'll shrink astonish'd from me:  
 But if he be the fav'rite of the fair,  
 Loved by the first of Caledonia's dames,  
 He'll turn upon me, as the lion turns  
 Upon the hunter's spear.

*Lord Rand.* 'Tis shrewdly thought.

*Glen.* When we grow loud, draw near. But let my lord 310  
 His rising wrath restrain. [*Exit Randolph.*

*Manet Glenalvon*

*Glen.*

'Tis strange, by heaven!

That she should run full tilt her fond career,  
 To one so little known. She too that seem'd  
 Pure as the winter stream, when ice emboss'd  
 Whitens its course. Even I did think her chaste,  
 Whose charity exceeds not. Precious sex!  
 Whose deeds lascivious pass Glenalvon's thoughts!

*Enter Norval*

His port I love; he's in a proper mood  
 To chide the thunder, if at him it roar'd. [*Aside.*  
 Has Norval seen the troops?

*Norv.*

The setting sun

320

With yellow radiance lighten'd all the vale;  
 And as the warriors moved, each polish'd helm,  
 Corslet or spear, glanced back his gilded beams.

311. The stage direction here reads "Lord Randolph retires" in Cumb.

317. The stage direction after this line reads "Norval appears" in 1757 and 1764.

319. "Aside" after this line omitted in 1764.

The hill they climbed, and halting at its top,  
Of more than mortal size, towering, they seem'd  
A host angelic, clad in burning arms.

*Glen.* Thou talk'st it well; no leader of our host  
In sounds more lofty speaks of glorious war.

*Norv.* If I shall e'er acquire a leader's name,  
My speech will be less ardent. Novelty 330  
Now prompts my tongue, and youthful admiration  
Vents itself freely; since no part is mine  
Of praise pertaining to the great in arms.

*Glen.* You wrong yourself, brave sir; your martial deeds  
Have rank'd you with the great: But mark me, Norval;  
Lord Randolph's favour now exalts your youth  
Above his veterans of famous service:  
Let me, who know these soldiers, counsel you:  
Give them all honour; seem not to command;  
Else they will scarcely brook your late-sprung power, 340  
Which nor alliance props, nor birth adorns.

*Norv.* Sir, I have been accustom'd all my days  
To hear and speak the plain and simple truth:  
And though I have been told that there are men  
Who borrow friendship's tongue to speak their scorn,  
Yet in such language I am little skill'd.  
Therefore I thank Glenalvon for his counsel,  
Although it sounded harshly. Why remind  
Me of my birth obscure? Why slur my power  
With such contemptuous terms?

*Glen.* I did not mean 350  
To gall your pride, which now I see is great.

*Norv.* My pride!

*Glen.* Suppress it as you wish to prosper:  
Your pride's excessive. Yet, for Randolph's sake,  
I will not leave you to its rash direction:  
If thus you swell, and frown at high-born men,  
Will high-born men endure a shepherd's scorn?

*Norv.* A shepherd's scorn!

*Glen.* Yes. If you presume  
To bend on soldiers these disdainful eyes,  
As if you took the measure of their minds,

And said in secret, you're no match for me!— 360  
What will become of you?

*Norv.* If this were told!— [*Aside.*

Hast thou no fears for thy presumptuous self?

*Glen.* Ha! Dost thou threaten me?

*Norv.* Didst thou not hear?

*Glen.* Unwillingly I did; a nobler foe

Had not been question'd thus. But such as thee—

*Norv.* Whom dost thou think me?

*Glen.* Norval.

*Norv.* So I am—

And who is Norval in Glenalvon's eyes?

*Glen.* A peasant's son, a wand'ring beggar-boy;

At best no more, even if he speaks the truth.

*Norv.* False as thou art, dost thou suspect my truth? 370

*Glen.* Thy truth! Thou'rt all a lie; and false as hell

Is the vain-glorious tale thou told'st to Randolph.

*Norv.* If I were chain'd, unarm'd, and bed-rid old,

Perhaps I should revile: But as I am,

I have no tongue to rail. The humble Norval

Is of a race who strive not but with deeds.

Did I not fear to freeze thy shallow valour,

And make thee sink too soon beneath my sword,

I'd tell thee—what thou art. I know thee well.

*Glen.* Dost thou know Glenalvon, born to command 380

Ten thousand slaves like thee!—

*Norv.* Villain, no more:

Draw and defend thy life. I did design

To have defy'd thee in another cause:

But heaven accelerates its vengeance on thee.

Now for my own and Lady Randolph's wrongs.

*Enter Lord Randolph*

*Lord Rand.* Hold, I command you both. The man that stirs  
Makes me his foe.

*Norv.* Another voice than thine

That threat had vainly sounded, noble Randolph.

*Glen.* Hear him, my lord; he's wond'rous condescending!

Mark the humility of shepherd Norval! 390



*Norr.* Now you may scoff in safety. [*Sheaths his sword.*]

*Lord Rand.* Speak not thus,

Taunting each other; but unfold to me

The cause of quarrel, then I judge betwixt you.

*Norr.* Nay, my good lord, though I revere you much,

My cause I plead not, nor demand your judgment.

I blush to speak; I will not, cannot speak

Th' opprobrious words that I from him have borne.

To the liege-lord of my dear native land

I owe a subject's homage; but even him

And his high arbitration I'd reject. 400

Within my bosom reigns another lord;

Honour, sole judge and umpire of itself.

If my free speech offend you, noble Randolph,

Revoke your favours, and let Norval go

Hence as he came, alone but not dishonour'd.

*Lord Rand.* Thus far I'll mediate with impartial voice:

The ancient foe of Caledonia's land

Now waves his banners o'er her frightened fields;

Suspend your purpose, till your country's arms

Repel the bold invader: then decide 410

The private quarrel.

*Glen.* I agree to this.

*Norr.* And I.

*Enter Servant*

*Serv.* The banquet waits.

*Lord Rand.*

We come.

[*Exit with Servant.*]

*Glen.* Norval,

Norval,

Let not our variance mar the social hour,

Nor wrong the hospitality of Randolph.

Nor frowning anger, nor yet wrinkled hate,

Shall stain my countenance. Smooth thou thy brow;

Nor let our strife disturb the gentle dame.

*Norr.* Think not so lightly, sir of my resentment.

When we contend again, our strife is mortal. [*Exeunt.* (a)]

412. After "We come", the stage direction in 1757 and 1764 reads:  
"Exit Randolph."

419. "Exeunt" after this line omitted in 1757, 1764, and 1798.

(a) "End of Act IV" added in 1757, 1764, 1798 and Cumb.

ACT V.

SCENE,—*The Wood.* (a)

*Enter Douglas*

*Doug.* This is the place, the centre of the grove; 1  
Here stands the oak, the monarch of the wood.  
How sweet and solemn is this mid-night scene!  
The silver moon, unclouded, holds her way  
Through skies where I could count each little star.  
The fanning west wind scarcely stirs the leaves;  
The river rushing o'er its pebbled bed,  
Imposes silence with a stilly sound.  
In such a place as this, at such an hour,  
If ancestry can be in aught believed, 10  
Descending spirits have conversed with man,  
And told the secrets of the world unknown.

*Enter Old Norval*

*Old Norv.* 'Tis he. But what if he should chide me hence?  
His just reproach I fear. [*Douglas turns and sees him.*  
Forgive, forgive!

Can'st thou forgive the man, the selfish man,  
Who bred Sir Malcolm's heir a shepherd's son?

*Doug.* Kneel not to me; thou art my father still:  
Thy wish'd-for presence now completes my joy.  
Welcome to me, my fortunes thou shalt share,  
And ever honour'd with thy Douglas live. 20

*Old Norv.* And dost thou call me father? O my son!  
I think that I could die to make amends  
For the great wrong I did thee. 'Twas my crime  
Which in the wilderness so long conceal'd  
The blossom of thy youth.

*Doug.* Not worse the fruit,  
That in the wilderness the blossom blow'd.  
Amongst the shepherds, in the humble cot,

---

(a) The setting in Cumb. reads "a wood."

17. Instead of "Kneel not to me", Cumb. reads: "Welcome to me".

I learn'd some lessons, which I'll not forget  
When I inhabit yonder lofty towers.  
I, who was once a swain, will ever prove  
The poor man's friend; and, when my vassals bow,  
Norval shall smoothe the crested pride of Douglas.

30

*Old Norrv.* Let me but live to see thine exaltation!  
Yet grievous are my fears. O leave this place,  
And those unfriendly towers.

*Doug.* Why should I leave them?

*Old Norrv.* Lord Randolph and his kinsman seek your life.

*Doug.* How know'st thou that?

*Old Norrv.* I will inform you how.

When evening came, I left the secret place  
Appointed for me by your mother's care,  
And fondly trod in each accustom'd path  
That to the castle leads. Whilst thus I ranged,  
I was alarm'd with unexpected sounds  
Of earnest voices. On the persons came;  
Unseen I lurk'd, and overheard them name  
Each other as they talk'd, Lord Randolph this,  
And that Glenalvon: still of you they spoke,  
And of the lady; threat'ning was their speech,  
Though but imperfectly my ear could hear it.  
'Twas strange, they said, a wonderful discovery;  
And ever and anon they vow'd revenge.

40

50

*Doug.* Revenge! for what?

*Old Norrv.* For being what you are,  
Sir Malcolm's heir: how else have you offended?  
When they were gone, I hied me to my cottage,  
And there sat musing how I best might find  
Means to inform you of their wicked purpose.  
But I could think of none: at last perplex'd,  
I issued forth, encompassing the tower  
With many a weary step and wishful look.  
Now Providence hath brought you to my sight,  
Let not your too courageous spirit scorn  
The caution which I give.

60

*Doug.* I scorn it not.

My mother warn'd me of Glenalvon's baseness;

But I will not suspect the noble Randolph.  
 In our encounter with the vile assassins,  
 I mark'd his brave demeanour: him I'll trust.

*Old Norv.* I fear you will, too far.

*Doug.*

Here in this place,

I wait my mother's coming: she shall know  
 What thou hast told: her counsel I will follow;  
 And cautious ever are a mother's counsels.

You must depart; your presence may prevent

70

Our interview.

*Old Norv.* My blessing rest upon thee!

O may heaven's hand, which saved thee from the wave,  
 And from the sword of foes, be near thee still;  
 Turning mischance, if aught hangs o'er thy head,  
 All upon mine!

[*Exit Old Norval.*]

*Doug.*

He loves me like a parent;

And must not, shall not, lose the son he loves,  
 Although his son has found a nobler father.—  
 Eventful day! how hast thou changed my state!

Once on the cold and winter-shaded side

Of a bleak hill mischance had rooted me,

80

Never to thrive, child of another soil:

Transplanted now to the gay sunny vale,

Like the green thorn of May my fortune flowers.

Ye glorious stars! high heaven's resplendent host!

To whom I oft have of my lot complain'd,

Hear and record my soul's unalter'd wish!

Dead or alive, let me but be renown'd!

May heaven inspire some fierce gigantic Dane,

To give a bold defiance to our host!

Before he speaks it out I will accept;

90

Like Douglas conquer, or like Douglas die.

*Enter Lady Randolph*

*Lady Rand.* My son! I heard a voice——

*Doug.*

——The voice was mine.

*Lady Rand.* Didst thou complain aloud to Nature's ear,  
 That thus in dusky shades, at midnight hours,

75. After "All upon mine!" the stage direction in Cumb. reads only "Exit."

By stealth the mother and the son should meet?

[*Embracing him.*

*Doug.* No; on this happy day, this better birthday,  
My thoughts and words are all of hope and joy.

*Lady Rand.* Sad fear and melancholy still divide  
The empire of my breast with hope and joy.  
Now hear what I advise.

*Doug.* First, let me tell 100  
What may the tenor of your counsel change.

*Lady Rand.* My heart forebodes some evil!

*Doug.* 'Tis not good.—  
At eve, unseen by Randolph and Glenalvon,  
The good old Norval in the grove o'erheard  
Their conversation; oft they mention'd me  
With dreadful threat'nings; you they sometimes named.  
'Twas strange, they said, a wonderful discovery;  
And ever and anon they vow'd revenge.

*Lady Rand.* Defend us, gracious God! we are betray'd:  
They have found out the secret of thy birth; 110  
It must be so. That is the great discovery.  
Sir Malcolm's heir is come to claim his own;  
And they will be revenged. Perhaps even now,  
Arm'd and prepared for murder, they but wait  
A darker and more silent hour, to break  
Into the chamber where they think thou sleep'st.  
This moment, this, heaven hath ordain'd to save thee!  
Fly to the camp, my son!

*Doug.* And leave you here?  
No: to the castle let us go together,  
Call up the ancient servants of your house, 120  
Who in their youth did eat your father's bread;  
Then tell them loudly that I am your son.  
If in the breasts of men one spark remains  
Of sacred love, fidelity, or pity,  
Some in your cause will arm. I ask but few  
To drive those spoilers from my father's house.

95. The stage direction reads "Embraces him" in Cumb.

109. Instead of "God" 1825 has "heav'n"; and Und. and Cumb. have "Heav'n".

*Lady Rand.* O Nature, Nature! what can check thy force?—  
Thou genuine offspring of the daring Douglas!  
But rush not on destruction: save thyself,  
And I am safe. To me they mean no harm. 130  
Thy stay but risks thy precious life in vain.  
That winding path conducts thee to the river.  
Cross where thou seest a broad and beaten way,  
Which running eastward leads thee to the camp.  
Instant demand admittance to Lord Douglas.  
Shew him these jewels which his brother wore.  
Thy look, thy voice, will make him feel the truth,  
Which I by certain proof will soon confirm.

*Doug.* I yield me, and obey: but yet my heart  
Bleeds at this parting. Something bids me stay, 140  
And guard a mother's life. Oft have I read  
Of wond'rous deeds by one bold arm achieved.  
Our foes are two; no more: let me go forth,  
And see if any shield can guard Glenalvon.

*Lady Rand.* If thou regard'st thy mother, or reverest  
Thy father's mem'ry, think of this no more.  
One thing I have to say before we part;  
Long wert thou lost; and thou art found, my child,  
In a most fearful season. War and battle  
I have great cause to dread. Too well I see 150  
Which way the current of thy temper sets:  
To-day I've found thee. Oh! my long-lost hope!  
If thou to giddy valour givest the rein,  
To-morrow I may lose my son for ever.  
The love of thee, before thou saw'st the light,  
Sustain'd my life when thy brave father fell.  
If thou shalt fall, I have nor love nor hope  
In this waste world! My son, remember me!

*Doug.* What shall I say? how can I give you comfort?  
The God of battles of my life dispose 160  
As may be best for you; for whose dear sake  
I will not bear myself as I resolved.  
But yet consider, as no vulgar name  
That which I boast sounds amongst martial men,  
How will inglorious caution suit my claim?

The post of fate unshrinking I maintain:  
 My country's foes must witness who I am.  
 On the invaders' heads I'll prove my birth,  
 Till friends and foes confess the genuine strain.  
 If in this strife I fall, blame not your son,  
 Who, if he lives not honour'd, must not live.

170

*Lady Rand.* I will not utter what my bosom feels.  
 Too well I love that valour which I warn.  
 Farewell, my son! my counsels are but vain; [*Embracing.*  
 And as high Heaven hath will'd it, all must be.

[*They are about to separate.*

Gaze not on me, thou wilt mistake the path;  
 I'll point it out again.

[*Just as they are separating, enter from the Wood  
 Lord Randolph and Glenalvon.*

*Lord Rand.* Not in her presence.

[*Exeunt, at different sides, Douglas and Lady Randolph.*

Now——

*Glen.* I'm prepared.

*Lord Rand.* No; I command thee stay.

I go alone: it never shall be said

That I took odds to combat mortal man.

180

The noblest vengeance is the most complete.

[*Exit Lord Randolph.*

[*Glenalvon makes some steps to the same side of the  
 stage, listens and speaks.*

*Glen.* Demons of death, come, settle on my sword,  
 And to a double slaughter guide it home!  
 The lover and the husband both must die.

[*Lord Randolph behind the scenes.*

*Lord Rand.* Draw, villain! draw.

175. The stage direction after this line reads only "Separate" in 1764 and 1798.

177. After "I'll point it out again", Cumb. has the stage direction "Exeunt."

After "Not in her presence", Cumb. omits the whole stage direction, and 1798 omits "at different sides."

181. After this line, Cumb. has only "Exit."

184. After this line, the stage direction reads only "Behind the scenes" in Cumb.

Doug. Assail me not, Lord  
Not, as thou lovest thyself. [Randolph!  
[Clashing of swords.

Glen. Now is the time.  
[Running out.

*Enter Lady Randolph at the opposite side of the stage,  
faint and breathless*

Lady Rand. Lord Randolph, hear me; all shall be thine  
But spare! Oh spare my son! [own:

*Enter Douglas, with a sword in each hand*

Doug. My mother's voice!  
I can protect thee still.

Lady Rand. He lives, he lives! 190  
For this, for this to Heaven eternal praise!  
But sure I saw thee fall.

Doug. It was Glenalvon.  
Just as my arm had master'd Randolph's sword,  
The villain came behind me; but I slew him.

Lady Rand. Behind thee! Ah, thou'rt wounded! O my  
How pale thou look'st! And shall I lose thee now? [child,

Doug. Do not despair: I feel a little faintness;  
I hope it will not last. [Leans upon his sword.

Lady Rand. There is no hope!  
And we must part! the hand of death is on thee!  
O my beloved child! O Douglas, Douglas! 200  
[Douglas growing more and more faint.

Doug. Too soon we part; I have not long been Douglas.  
O destiny! hardly thou deal'st with me:  
Clouded and hid, a stranger to myself,  
In low and poor obscurity I lived.

Lady Rand. Has heaven preserved thee for an end like this?

Doug. O had I fall'n as my brave fathers fell,  
Turning with effort great the tide of battle!

186. After "Now is the time", the stage direction in Cumb. reads:  
"He runs out."

In the stage direction beginning "Enter Lady Randolph" Cumb.  
omits "at the opposite side of the stage."

197. After this line Cumb. has the stage direction "Leaning on his  
sword."

207. Instead of "Turning with effort great", 1808 has "Turning with  
fatal arm."



Like them I should have smiled and welcom'd death.  
But thus to perish by a villain's hand!  
Cut off from nature's and from glory's course, 210  
Which never mortal was so fond to run.

*Lady Rand.* Hear, justice! hear! stretch thine avenging arm.  
[*Douglas falls.*

*Doug.* Unknown I die; no tongue shall speak of me.  
Some noble spirits, judging by themselves,  
May yet conjecture what I might have proved,  
And think life only wanting to my fame:  
But who shall comfort thee?

*Lady Rand.* Despair! despair!

*Doug.* O, had it pleased high Heaven to let me live  
A little while!—My eyes that gaze on thee  
Grow dim apace! my mother!—O, my mother! [*Dies.* 220  
*Enter Lord Randolph and Anna*

*Lord Rand.* Thy words, the words of truth, have pierced  
I am the stain of knighthood and of arms. [my heart.  
Oh! if my brave deliverer survives  
The traitor's sword——

*Anna.* Alas! look there, my lord.

*Lord Rand.* The mother and her son! How curst I am!  
Was I the cause? No: I was not the cause.  
Yon matchless villain did seduce my soul  
To frantic jealousy.

*Anna.* My lady lives:  
The agony of grief hath but suppress  
A while her powers.

*Lord Rand.* But my deliverer's dead! 230  
The world did once esteem Lord Randolph well;  
Sincere of heart, for spotless honour famed:  
And in my early days, glory I gain'd  
Beneath the holy banner of the cross.  
Now past the noon of life, shame comes upon me;

---

212. Instead of "stretch thine avenging arm", 1764 and Cumb. have  
"Are these the fruits of virtue?"

220. "O, my mother!" omitted in 1757, 1764, 1825, Und. and Cumb.  
229-230 ("The agony of grief hath but suppress A while her powers")  
omitted in 1825.

231-238 omitted in 1825 and Cumb.

Reproach, and infamy, and public hate,  
Are near at hand; for all mankind will think  
That Randolph basely stabb'd Sir Malcolm's heir.

[*Lady Randolph recovering.*

*Lady Rand.* Where am I now? still in this wretched  
Grief cannot break a heart so hard as mine. [world! 240  
My youth was worn in anguish; but youth's strength,  
With hope's assistance, bore the brunt of sorrow,  
And train'd me on to be the object, now,  
On which Omnipotence displays itself,  
Making a spectacle, a tale of me,  
To awe its vassal, man.

*Lord Rand.* O misery!  
Amidst thy raging grief I must proclaim  
My innocence!

*Lady Rand.* Thy innocence!

*Lord Rand.* My guilt  
Is innocence, compared with what thou think'st it.

*Lady Rand.* Of thee I think not: what have I to do 250  
With thee, or any thing? My son! my son!  
My beautiful! my brave! how proud was I  
Of thee, and of thy valour! My fond heart  
O'erflow'd this day with transport, when I thought  
Of growing old amidst a race of thine,  
Who might make up to me their father's childhood,  
And bear my brother's and my husband's name:  
Now all my hopes are dead! A little while  
Was I a wife! a mother not so long!  
What am I now?—I know—But I shall be 260  
That only whilst I please; for such a son  
And such a husband drive me to my fate. [*Runs out.*

*Lord Rand.* Follow her, Anna: I myself would follow,  
But in this rage she must abhor my presence. [*Exit Anna.*

241 to "O misery!" in 246 omitted in 1825 and Cumb.

256 to "A little while" in 258 omitted in 1825, Und. and Cumb.

262. Instead of "drive me to my fate", 1764, 1808, Und. and Cumb.  
read: "make a woman bold."

*Enter Old Norval*

*Old Norv.* I hear the voice of woe; heaven guard my

*Lord Rand.* Already is the idle gaping crowd, [child!

The spiteful vulgar, come to gaze on Randolph?

Begone!

*Old Norv.* I fear thee not. I will not go.

Here I'll remain. I'm an accomplice, lord,

With thee in murder. Yes, my sins did help

270

To crush down to the ground this lovely plant.

O noblest youth that ever yet was born!

Sweetest and best, gentlest and bravest spirit,

That ever bless'd the world! Wretch that I am,

Who saw that noble spirit swell and rise

Above the narrow limits that confined it,

Yet never was by all thy virtues won

To do thee justice, and reveal the secret,

Which, timely known, had raised thee far above

The villain's snare! Oh! I am punish'd now!

280

These are the hairs that should have strew'd the ground,

And not the locks of Douglas.

*[Tears his hair, and throws himself upon the body  
of Douglas.]*

*Lord Rand.* I know thee now: thy boldness I forgive;

My crest is fall'n. For thee I will appoint

A place of rest, if grief will let thee rest.

I will reward, although I cannot punish.

Curst, curst Glenalvon, he escaped too well,

Though slain and baffled by the hand he hated.

Foaming with rage and fury to the last,

Cursing his conqueror the felon died.

290

*Enter Anna*

*Anna.* My lord! my lord!

*Lord Rand.*

Speak: I can hear of horror.

*Anna.* Horror indeed!

*Lord Rand.*

Matilda?—

*Anna.*

Is no more.

265-286 omitted in 1825, Und., and Cumb.

282. The stage direction after this line reads "Tears his hair and throws himself upon the ground" in 1757 and 1764.

She ran, she flew like lightning up the hill,  
Nor halted till the precipice she gain'd,  
Beneath whose low'ring top the river falls,  
Ingulph'd in rifted rocks: thither she came,  
As fearless as the eagle lights upon it,  
And headlong down——

*Lord Rand.* 'Twas I! alas! 'twas I  
That fill'd her breast with fury; drove her down  
The precipice of death! Wretch that I am! 300

*Anna.* O had you seen her last despairing look!  
Upon the brink she stood, and cast her eyes  
Down on the deep: then lifting up her head  
And her white hands to heaven, seeming to say,  
Why am I forced to this? she plunged herself  
Into the empty air.

*Lord Rand.* I will not vent,  
In vain complaints, the passion of my soul.  
Peace in this world I never can enjoy.  
These wounds the gratitude of Randolph gave.  
They speak aloud, and with the voice of fate 310  
Denounce my doom. I am resolved. I'll go  
Straight to the battle, where the man that makes  
Me turn aside, must threaten worse than death.—  
Thou, faithful to thy mistress, take this ring,  
Full warrant of my power. Let every rite  
With cost and pomp upon their funerals wait:  
For Randolph hopes he never shall return.

(a)

[*Exeunt.*]

295 to "then lifting" in 303 omitted in Und.

296 (from "thither she came")—300 omitted in 1825 and Cumb.

308 (to "I'll go" in 311) omitted by 1825, Cumb. and Und.

312. This line reads, "I'll to the battle where the man that makes", in Cumb.

317. "Exeunt" after this line omitted in 1764.

(a) The end of the play is marked as follows: In Cumb., "The End"; in 1757 and 1798, "End of Fifth Act"; and in 1764, "Finis".

## EPILOGUE (a)

An epilogue I ask'd; but not one word  
Our bard will write. He vows 'tis most absurd  
With comic wit to contradict the strain  
Of tragedy, and make your sorrows vain.  
Sadly he says, that pity is the best,  
The noblest passion of the human breast:  
For when its sacred streams the heart o'erflow,  
It gushes pleasure with the tide of woe;  
And when its waves retire, like those of Nile,  
They leave behind them such a golden soil,  
That there the virtues without culture grow,  
There the sweet blossoms of affection blow.  
These were his words:—void of delusive art  
I felt them; for he spoke them from his heart.  
Nor will I now attempt, with witty folly,  
To chase away celestial melancholy.

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(a) The Epilogue is omitted in some editions.

## NOTES ON THE TEXT

### ACT I.

(The figures before the notes refer to the lines of the text.)

1. *Melancholy gloom*.—It is interesting to note the word “melancholy,” indicative of the tone of the play, in the first line of the text and the last line of the epilogue.

5. *I deem some spirit dwells*.—This idea is repeated in Act V, lines 9 ff.

9. *Review*.—To see again.

14. *Timeless*.—Untimely, premature. Cf.

“Shall be their timeless sepulchre or mine.”

(Marlowe's *Edward the Second*, I, 2.)

27. *The silent dead*.—Lord Randolph thinks his wife is lamenting her brother's death.

49. *Froze*.—This form for the past participle was not uncommon in the 18th century, and is frequent in this play.

72. *Our frith*.—The Firth of Forth.

75. *Sure*.—An adjective used adverbially is frequently found in the play.

75. *Thou art not the daughter of Sir Malcolm*.—Cf.

“But though I am a daughter to his blood,  
I am not to his manners.”

(*Merchant of Venice*, II, 3.)

113-131. This passage perhaps should be credited to the author rather than to his heroine.

223. *Loud fame*.—Public opinion.

228. *Carron*.—A river in County Sterling flowing into the Firth of Forth.

251. *The hand, that spins*, etc.—Probably a direct reference to the Greek Fates.

285-286. *Birth and beauty, Though graced with grandeur*.—As examples of alliteration, fairly abundant throughout the play, compare—

“Who, sadly sitting on the sea-beat shore,  
Long look for lords that never shall return.”

(III, lines 305-306.)

"And in the field I'll seek for fame and fortune."  
(IV, line 215.)

302 ff. The abuse of soliloquy in the play was noted by early critics. Act I closes with a soliloquy of 26 lines; Act II with a soliloquy of 33 lines; Act III with a soliloquy of 27 lines—all by Glenalvon.

324. *No bar but he.*—Cf.

"Whence all but he had fled",  
from *Casabianca*. See J. Lesslie Hall's *English Usage*, p. 44.

## ACT II.

1. *Secure.*—Free from fear; easy of mind. In this sense, now archaic or poetical.

19. *Amain.*—With full force; speedily.

38. *King of kings!*—A Biblical phrase. In spite of Home's ministerial training, this type of phrase is rare in *Douglas*.

42. *Grampian hills.*—A mountainous chain separating the Highlands from the Lowlands.

50. *Had not yet fill'd her horns.*—Over a week had elapsed since the events related by the stranger had occurred.

77-78. This allusion to a custom of chivalry is one of the definite touches of medievalism in the play.

104. *Rude I am in speech.*—Cf. "Rude am I in my speech." (Othello, I, 3.)

148-153. A good example of that dramatic irony which is an important element in the play.

184. *Artist.*—"Artizan" rather than "artist" in a strict modern sense.

201. *Torture.*—As a recognized part of Scottish criminal procedure, torture was not abolished until 1708.

219. *Fond.*—Foolish.

234. *Practise.*—Plot; the earliest recorded sense of the word.

245. *Coward conscience!*—Cf.

"O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!"  
(*Richard III*, V, 3.)

276. *Heedless.*—Unsuspecting.

## ACT III.

70. *Abides*.—Awaits.

82. *In fishing, which was formerly my sport*.—Mackenzie records that "Mr. Home's favourite amusement was angling."

(Mackenzie, Vol. I, p. 31.)

87. The water sprite is a familiar figure in Scottish folklore. Its shrieking is prophetic of death. Cf. the "water wraith" in Campbell's *Lord Ullin's Daughter*, and the "kælpie" in Collins' *Ode on the Superstitions of the Highlands of Scotland*. (This latter poem was dedicated to the author of *Douglas*.)

98. *Was he alive?*—Mrs. Crawford "electrified her audience" in her rendering of these three words. (*Remarks*, Inchbald edition.)

106. *Spited*.—Filled with spite.

153. *Savage mountains*.—One recalls that personal admiration of mountain scenery did not develop widely in England until the middle or latter part of the 18th century.

276. *Nicer fears*.—Probably means the deeper, less clearly defined fears.

286. *Lothian*.—Subdivided into East Lothian, Midlothian, and West Lothian. Edinburgh County is substantially identical with Midlothian.

288. *Bass*.—A large, isolated rock at the mouth of the Firth of Forth. Sir Walter Scott (*Life and Works of John Home*) has this comment: "Mr. Home was appointed in the year 1746 minister of Athelstaneford, in East Lothian, a locality which he has not forgotten in his celebrated tragedy, having fixed the apprehended descent of the Danes

'Near to that place where the sea-rock immense,  
Amazing Bass, looks o'er a fertile land.'

308. *The North*.—Copenhagen is in about the same latitude as Edinburgh. "North" perhaps refers, in a general poetic sense, to the Scandinavian country. Cf. "their native land, the stormy north." (I, line 108.)

338-339. Generalization and didacticism, characteristic of the earlier 18th century style, are found in *Douglas*, but scarcely to excess. These two lines, commonplace as they



may be considered, certainly make a neat quotation from the play.

340. *Virtue is its own reward!*—Cf.

"To follow virtue, as its own reward;"

(Dryden's *Tyrannic Love*, II, 3.)

"True virtue to her self's the best reward".

(Henry More's *Cupid's Conflict*.)

"And virtue is her own reward".

(Prior's *Ode in Imitation of Horace*, III. Od. II.)

353-354. Probably an allusion to the sword of Damocles.

354. *Female's*.—The word does not necessarily indicate lack of respect. J. Lesslie Hall, in his *English Usage*, among other authors cites Fanny Burney, Jane Austen, and Mrs. Browning as using the word "female" as a synonym for "woman."

#### ACT IV.

8. *Maiden arms*.—Arms that have never been used in conflict. The reference to the tournament adds another touch of medievalism to the play.

11. *Fenceless*.—Defenceless.

16. *Fame*.—Rumor.

24. *Mates*.—Equals.

43-99. Although some criticism considers the play an acting drama rather than a closet drama, this narrative of the hermit seems somewhat long for the stage and little stage business to accompany it is suggested by the lines.—The ascetisism of the hermit seems more characteristic of the Middle Ages than of pastoralism.

59. *Godfredo*.—Godfrey of Bouillon (1058-1100), leader of the First Crusade (1096-1100) and the hero of *Jerusalem Delivered*. This reference fixes the time setting of the action of *Douglas* as about the middle of the twelfth century.

60. *Infidel*.—The Mohammedan.

69-71. The points of military technique seem reminiscent of the author's classical reading rather than of his personal experience as a soldier.

80. *Fastened a quarrel*.—This is one of the expressions of the play ranked as a "vulgarism", and "much beneath the dig-

nity of tragical expression" by a writer in the *Critical Review* for March, 1757. (See Gipson, Appendix B.)

104. *Lorn*.—The master of the estate of Lorn (or Lorne), a mountainous district in County Argyle.

164. Almost an exact repetition of line 13, Act I.

263-264. One of the most abrupt and unexpected speeches of the play.

270. *Midnight hour*.—Night hours, and not rarely midnight in particular, were favored by both the "gothic" and the "sentimental" taste of the late 18th and early 19th centuries; for example, in Young, Mrs. Radcliffe, and Kirke White.

316. *Exceeds*.—This intransitive use of the verb is not very common today.

#### ACT V.

1-12. Acts I, III, and V are opened by soliloquies. This one contains an excellent nature passage, in the spirit of the Romantic Movement.

8. The line is criticised, especially as to "imposes" and "stilly" in the review of March, 1757, noted above with reference to line 80 of Act IV.

175. Compare lines 101-102 in Act IV and line 310 in Act V. This particular line might perhaps have been inspired by the predestinarianism in which Home was presumably well trained.

220. In Dibdin's edition, the stage direction after this line reads: "Dies. Lady Randolph faints on the body."

282. This is perhaps the only incomplete line of verse in the play.

308-317. Following the model of Shakespeare, the play closes with reference to the future—in this case, a future in part distinct and in part very dim. The characters of chief interest to the reader or the spectator of the play are dead.

317. After this line, in Dibdin, we find "The curtain descends slowly to music."

## APPENDIX A.

### *Editions of "Douglas"*

A. Millar. London .....	1757
Edinburgh .....	1757
Belfast .....	1758
Home's <i>Dramatic Works</i> ( <i>Douglas, Agis, and The Siege of Aquileia</i> ) .....	1760
G. Faulkner. Dublin .....	1761
A. Millar. London .....	1764
Perth .....	1775
<i>New English Theatre</i> , Vol. X. London .....	1777
Bell's <i>British Theatre</i> , Vol. XX. London .....	1778
London .....	1780
Edinburgh .....	1783
J. Lowndes and Company. London .....	1784
Bell's <i>British Theatre</i> , Vol. III. ....	1791
Edinburgh .....	1798
<i>Dramatic Works of John Home</i> , Vol. I. Edinburgh .....	1798
Royal Octavo Edition* .....	(?) 1798
London .....	(?) 1800
London .....	1801
London .....	1805
Mrs. Inchbald's <i>British Theatre</i> , Vol. XVI. London.....	1808
R. Hutchison. Glasgow .....	1809
Edinburgh .....	1810
New York .....	1811
<i>Modern British Drama</i> , Vol. II. ....	1811
London .....	1814
Dibdin's <i>London Theatre</i> , Vol. III. ....	1815
Cooke's <i>British Drama</i> . London .....	1817
Oxberry's <i>New British Drama</i> , Vol. XII. ....	1821
Henry Mackenzie's <i>Works of John Home, Esq.</i> , Vol. I. Edinburgh .....	1822

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\*Advertised on page 8 of the 1798 *Dramatic Works* as follows: "A Splendid Edition of the Tragedy of *Douglas*, Royal Octavo, embellished with a Head of the Author, and Five other elegant Engravings, designed from the most striking Passages in the Play, may be had at the Printing-office of Geo. Reid and Co. at the Subscription Price of Seven Shillings and Sixpence."

Translation into French prose, <i>Douglas, Tragédie en cinq actes</i> , by A. Pichot. Paris .....	1822
In Scottish rhyme, G. Smith. Aberdeen .....	1824
Dolby's <i>British Theatre</i> , Vol. I. ....	1825
Cumberland's <i>British Theatre</i> , Vol. I. ....	1829
<i>Penny National Library</i> , Vol. V. .... (?)	1830
<i>The Acting Drama</i> .....	1834
Lacy's <i>Acting Edition of Plays</i> , Vol. XXXI. ....	1857
<i>The British Drama</i> , Vol. I. ....	1864
J. Cameron. Glasgow .....	1883

It has not been possible to date the following editions:

*New York Drama.*

*French's Standard Drama.* New York.

Mason. London.

*Dick's Standard Plays.*

*The London Stage*, Vol. I. London.

## APPENDIX B.

### *Dedication of Home's Dramatic Works, 1760*

(This dedication is here reproduced *literatim* from *The Dramatic Works of John Home*, Vol. I, Edinburgh, 1798. In the volume used, belonging to the University of Chicago Libraries, on the title page is written in ink, in a large hand, *Henry Mackenzie*. The dedication is found in practically the same form in the *British Theatre* edition of 1791.)

*To His Royal Highness*

G E O R G E

PRINCE OF WALES

*Sir,*

In Dedications, especially those which Poets write, Mankind expect to find little Sentiment, and less Truth. A grateful Imagination adorns its Benefactor with every Virtue, and even flatters with Sincerity. Hence the Portrait of each Patron of the Muses is drawn with the same Outline, and finished as a Model of Perfection. Instructed by the Errors of others, I presume not to make the Panegyric of the Prince of WALES, nor to extol the Patronage of Literature as the most

shining Quality of a Prince.—Your Royal Highness will permit me to mention one sort of Patronage which can never be praised too much; that, I mean, which extending its influence to the whole Society, forms and excites the Genius of Individuals, by exalting the Spirit of the State.

Institutions, that revive in a great and highly civilized People, those Virtues of Courage, Manhood, and Love of their Country, which are most apt, in the Progress of Refinement, to decay, produce, at the same time, that pleasing and ornamental Genius, which cannot subsist in a Mind that does not partake of those Qualities which it describes. This is an Observation which has escaped the notice of the greater Part of Writers, who have enquired into the causes of the Growth and Decay of Poetry and Eloquence; but it has not escaped the Penetration of LONGINUS, who writing in the Decline of the ROMAN Empire, and lamenting that the true Sublime was not to be found in the Works of his Time, boldly imputes that Defect to the Change of Policy; and enumerates, with Indignation, the Vices of Avarice, Effeminacy, and Pusillanimity, which, arising from the loss of Liberty, had so enthralled and debased the Minds of Men, that they could not look up, as he calls it, to any thing elevated and sublime: And here, as in other questions, the great Critic quotes the Authority of his Master HOMER. *The Day of Slavery bereaves a Man of half his Virtue.* The Experience of succeeding times has shewn that Genius is affected by changes less violent than the loss of Liberty; that it ever flourishes in Times of Vigour and Enterprize, and languishes amidst the sure corruption of an inactive age.

Your Royal Highness, as Heir-apparent of the *British* Empire, hath in view the noblest Field that ever a laudable Ambition entered. The envied State of this Nation cannot remain precisely as it is; the Tide must flow, or ebb faster than it has ever flowed. A Prince destined in such a Period to reign, begins a memorable *Æra* of Perfection or Degeneracy. The serious Cares and princely Studies of your Youth, the visible Tenor of your generous and constant Mind, have filled the Breasts of all good Men with Hopes of you, equal to

their Wishes. That these Hopes may be fulfilled in their utmost Extent, is the sincere and ardent Prayer of,

*Your Royal Highness's*

*most humble,*

*most obedient,*

*and most devoted Servant,*

JOHN HOME.

## APPENDIX C.

### *Selected Comments on "Douglas"*

*Burns, Robert.*—In the *Prologue* spoken by Mr. Woods, on his *Benefit Night*, Monday, 16th April, 1787, Burns writes, with true Scotch patriotic fervor:

"Here Douglas forms wild Shakespeare into plan", etc. In the *Scots Prologue for Mr. Sutherland*, he gives the further tribute:

"One Douglas lives in Home's immortal page", etc.

*Brawley, Benjamin.*—In a text of 237 pages, Mr. Brawley gives nearly two and one-half pages to John Home. He closes his account of *Douglas* as follows (p. 172): "This play has been much discounted within recent years, and even in its own day Johnson said that there were not ten good lines in it. The reasons for its success with its generation, however, are evident. The drama was essentially romantic and has many sympathetic and natural touches. *Douglas* really sounded a note that was to be heard more or less frequently for a hundred years. If such a speech as

My name is Norval: on the Grampian hills,

My father feeds his flocks;

now seems hackneyed, the part of Lady Randolph in the hands of Peg Woffington, or, later, of Mrs. Siddons, was triumphant; and when all possible discount is made, *Douglas* still remains the strongest original drama that appeared between *George Barnwell* (1731) and *She Stoops to Conquer* (1773)."

*Carlyle, Alexander.*—"This tragedy still maintains its ground, has been more frequently acted, and is more popular than any tragedy in the English language."

*Gipson, Alice Edna.*—This writer closes her chapter on "The Life of John Home" with this paragraph: "At least one of his plays did not die with him. Long since the echoes of the literary and theological disputes over *Douglas* had ceased, but, in spite of the half century it had been on the boards, its popularity continued on into the nineteenth century. *Douglas* had come to hold an important place in the history of the British drama. For the author had proved himself the writer of a tragedy which achieved more fame for itself than has the single dramatic work of any Scotch man or woman before or since his time."

*Goldsmith, Oliver.*—"The lack of moral, the unfolding of a material part of the plot in soliloquy; and the preposterous distresses of a married lady for a former husband, who had been dead near twenty years;—these are faults we could easily pardon, but poetic fire, elegance or the heightenings of pathetic distress afford adequate compensation, but these are dealt to us with a sparing hand." (*Monthly Review*, May, 1759).

*Gray, Thomas.*—"The Author seems to me to have retrieved the true Language of the stage, which has been lost for these hundred years: and there is one scene (between Matilda and the old Peasant) so masterly, that it strikes me blind to all the defects in the world." (Letter to Horace Walpole, August, 1757.)

*Hume, David.*—"I am persuaded that it will be esteemed the best and by French critics the only tragedy in our language." (Burton, vol. II. p. 17.)

"I own that I have the ambition to be the first who shall in public express his admiration of your noble tragedy of 'Douglas,' one of the most interesting and pathetic pieces that was ever exhibited in any theatre. . . . The unfeigned tears which flowed from every eye in numerous representations which have been made of it, the unparalleled command which

you appeared to have over every affection of the human breast; these are incontestable proofs that you possess the true theatrical genius of Shakespere and Otway, refined from the unhappy barbarism of the one, and the licentiousness of the other." (Dedicatory Epistle to *Four Dissertations to Mr. Home*.)

*Johnson, Samuel*.—"As we sat over our tea, Mr. Home's tragedy of *Douglas* was mentioned. I put Dr. Johnson in mind, that once, in a coffee house at Oxford, he called to old Mr. Sheridan, 'How came you, Sir, to give Home a gold medal for writing that foolish play?' and defied Mr. Sheridan to show ten good lines in it. He did not insist they should be together; but that there were not ten good lines in the whole play. [He now persisted in this. I endeavored to defend that pathetic and beautiful tragedy, and repeated the following passage:—[Lady Randolph on sincerity, I, 1, lines 193-197.]

*Johnson*... 'That will not do, Sir. Nothing is good but what is consistent with truth or probability, which this is not. Juvenal, indeed, gives a noble picture of inflexible virtue' . . . . He repeated the lines with great force and dignity; then added, 'And after this, comes Johnny Home with his *earth gaping*, and his *destruction crying*:—Pooh!' " (Boswell, vol. V, p. 360.)

*Nettleton, George Henry*.—"Amid the tragedies at the beginning of the last half of the 18th century, two stand forth distinctly. In *The Gamester*, Moore continued Lillo's tendency toward prose realistic tragedy. In *Douglas*, Home struck a note of romantic tragedy which seemed premonitory of the romantic movement late in the century." (*English Drama*, p. 243.)

*Schelling, Felix*.—"Douglas . . . written, as it was, somewhat apart from the influences that conventionalize all literary efforts in the hands of lesser men who live at the centre of culture, is sustained by a genuine sincerity, simplicity and pathos that fully account for its popularity." (*English Drama*, p. 298.)



*Scott, Sir Walter.*—"The memory of Mr. Home, as an author, depends, in England, almost entirely upon his celebrated tragedy of *Douglas*, which not only retains the most indisputable possession of the stage, but produces a stronger effect on the feelings of the audience, when the parts of Douglas and Lady Randolph are well filled, than almost any tragedy since the days of Otway." (*Life and Works of John Home.*)

"Yet, . . . we agree with Mr. Mackenzie that the chief scene between Lady Randolph and Old Norval, in which the preservation and existence of Douglas is discovered, has no equal in modern, and scarcely a superior in the ancient, drama. It is certainly one of the most effective which the English stage has to boast; and we learn with pleasure, but without surprise, that, though many other parts of the play were altered before its representation, we have this masterpiece exactly as it was thrown off in the original sketch." (*Life and Works of John Home.*)

"I finished the review of John Home's works, which, after all, are poorer than I thought them. Good blank verse, and stately sentiment, but somewhat lukewarmish, excepting 'Douglas,' which is certainly a masterpiece. Even this does not stand the closet. Its merits are for the stage; and it certainly is one of the best acting plays going." (Lockhart, vol. IX, p. 100.)

*Thorndike, Ashley H.*—"Home's famous 'Douglas' (1757), that thrilled every heart and in the opinion of the judicious redeemed the stage anew from barbarism, fails now to distinguish itself from its fellows, unless by its touches of melancholy, medievalism, and nature, that hint of romanticism." (*Tragedy*, p. 305.)

*Walpole, Horace.*—"In my opinion 'Douglas' far exceeds Mr. Home's other plays. Mr. Home seems to have a beautiful talent for painting genuine nature in the manners of the country. There was so little nature in the manners of the Greeks and the Romans that I do not wonder at his success being less brilliant when he tried those subjects; and to say the truth one is weary of them." (Letter to Sir David Dalrymple, April 4, 1760.)

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